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Shakespeare
Measure for measure.

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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED FOR THE SYNDICS OF THE
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BY
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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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After Gerard Honthorst. Emery Walker ph.sc.

Ben Jonson

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

WITHDRAWN

CAMBRIDGE

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THE FRONTISPIECE IS REPRODUCED FROM THE PORTRAIT, AFTER HONTHORST, IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JONSON'S *MASQUE OF BLACKNESS* IS REFERRED TO IN THIS PLAY (see pp. 101–3)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

I

We have no reason to suppose that *Measure for Measure* ever saw print until it appeared in the 1623 Folio which gives us our text. Most critics agree, however, that in some form or other it dates from twenty years earlier, and accept the entry of the Revels Accounts (confirming a note among Malone's papers in the Bodleian Library) that it was performed at Court before King James I on December 26, 1604[1]. In our note on the Copy (pp. 101–3) we offer some new evidence supporting this date.

The source of the plot stands even less in dispute. It derives originally from Italy, where Giraldi Cinthio (d. 1573) had told the tale in a tragedy, *Epitia*, and repeated it in a collection of prose tales, *Hecatommithii*, published in Sicily in 1565. In 1578 George Whetstone, working apparently on the prose version, Englished it into a double play, entitled[2]:

The Right Excellent and Famous | History | of Promos and Cassandra; | divided into two Comical Discourses. | In the first part is shown, | the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate, | the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady: | the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan, | and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite. | In the second part is discoursed | the perfect magnanimity of a noble King | in checking Vice and favouring Virtue: |

[1] The entry runs:

By his Ma^tis plaiers | On S^t Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play cald *Meſur for Meſur* | *Shaxberd.*

[2] The curious reader may consult Collier's and W. Carew Hazlitt's several reconstructions of *Shakespeare's Library*. Nichols reprinted Whetstone's play in 1779. So far as is known it was never acted.

wherein is shown | the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices, | with the advancement of upright dealing.

To his play Whetstone prefixed a brief 'Argument of the Whole Historye'; and again, in 1582, he published in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* a prose version of the tale—in which he must evidently have found a fund of enjoyment. We confess to inheriting a very small share in this: but holding as we do that the true difficulty of *Measure for Measure* is an aesthetic one—yet not excluding thereby the pleasure we all take in recognising right moral judgment—we shall give from Whetstone a bare sketch of *Promos and Cassandra*, with an addition or two where his 'argument' omits a detail relevant to our play. We shall thus see what Shakespeare (and others?) had, or chose, to work upon.

In the Cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of *Coruinus*, King of *Hungarie* and *Boemia*) there was a law that what man so euer committed Adultery [*sc.* fornication] should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised Apparell during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere law by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate became little regarded, vntil the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who conuicting a young Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*; *Cassandra* to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*....

Here be it noted that Andrugio's offence, like Claudio's (cf. 1. 2. 141–151), was committed in love, not in lechery. Cassandra can plead:

Way [weigh] his yong yeares, the force of loue which forcéd his amis,
Way, way that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forcéd rape hath moued;
He fel through loue who neuer ment but wiue the wight he loued.

To continue:

Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doing good, that euill might come thereof: for a time he repryued her brother; but wicked man, tourning his liking into vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir Brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreede to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as fearless in promise as carelesse in performance, with solemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse than any Infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent *Cassandraes* clamours, he commanded the Gayler secretly to present *Cassandra* with her brothers head[1]. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, abhorrying Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouyded thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a Felons head newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler who was set at libertie)[2] was so agreeued at this trecherye that at the pointe to kyl her selfe she spared that stroke to be auenged of *Promos*. And devisying a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king that forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos*, whose judgment was to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solempnized, *Cassandra*, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest sutor for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her speciall case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craued pardon[2]. The Kinge, to

[1] A barbarity softened in *Measure for Measure*.

[2] The 'Gayler,' merciful as the Provost in *Measure for Measure*, looses Andrugio: who, hiding in a wood in out-

renowne the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare Historye in action lyvelye foloweth.

II

Here, then, we have all—or almost all—of the plot of *Measure for Measure*: in what Pater calls 'one of that numerous class of Italian stories, like Boccaccio's *Tancred of Salerno*, in which the mere energy of southern passion has everything its own way, and which, though they may repel many a northern reader by a certain crudity in their colouring, seem to have been full of fascination for the Elizabethan age.' Now Pater had a superlative gift of sympathy with old and beautiful work in all the arts, and specially with old and beautiful Italianate work. It may have been most at home in Renaissance Italy: but it reached forward, and it reached back also—through Giotto and Cimabue, across the 'dark ages,' to the *Pervigilium Veneris*, and yet farther back to the primitive 'religion of Numa' which he pictures for us in *Marius* as still, in the age of the Antonines, keeping its rural ritual 'beating the bounds,' worshipping the Lar and breathing household laws in and around a quiet Etrurian manor. So when Pater talks of Whetstone's translation of Cinthio's story as 'a genuine piece, with touches of undesigned poetry, a quaint field-flower here and there of diction or sentiment, the whole strung up to an effective brevity, and with the fragrance of that admirable age of literature all about it,' we accept this appreciation on the word of a critic who recognised the Italian spirit wherever, and in what guise soever, he met it. But we are concerned

lawry, learns from a peasant that Promos having been married to his sister has been condemned to the further expiation of dying for his death, returns to the city, and risks declaring himself alive. In our play Claudio is given no such chance to rehabilitate his character by his courage.

here with Shakespeare: and Shakespeare's feeling for Italy was not diffuse like Pater's and genially polite; but sharply practical rather, and concentrated upon a phase, a period, a passing hour, the Renaissance: an interest infinitely less learned than Pater's yet infinitely livelier, Italy being for him and his contemporaries almost the breath of their nostrils. There was, of course, nothing pious about it; no conscious seeking back to the Ancient Mother and the wells of Clitumnus. The Englishman, like any other European, craved food for his spirit, sustenance for his inventions; and Italy supplied both. As Croce observes, 'Shakespeare got from Italy not only a great part both of his form and of his material, but what is of greater moment, many thoughts that went to form his vision of reality. In addition to this he obtained from Italy that literary education to which all English writers of his time submitted.'

To say this is not to suggest that Italy supplied the one thing which makes him magical—his Poetry. *That* he could only find—as every other man ever born can only find it—by looking into his own heart and writing. None the less, to understand the Elizabethan dramatists we have to recognise that they derived—the working theatre-men no less than the University wits—the matter of their trade from Italian scholarship, and accepted, or were bound by, its high aristocratic tradition[1]. It was, for a while at least, all they had to go upon; and among the writers of his age we find no one more cautiously conservative on this point than Shakespeare. To Ben Jonson rather than to him belongs the bravery of making the humour of the theatre frankly native to London and contemporary. Jonson breaks new ground: under cover of his

[1] A grasp on this simple truth will save any man his labour who inclines to spend it on proving that Shakespeare was a snob, an anti-democrat; that he despised crowds, the populace; and so on.

pedantry he is pioneering—from the London version of *Every Man in his Humour* on to *Bartholomew Fair*—pioneering on a theory[1]. Shakespeare hangs back. Shakespeare, *nostras* at his most English and most humorous, is always careful to remove his humour to a fair distance of place or of time. His Falstaff lived a long while ago: nay has been these two hundred years or so in Arthur's bosom; and Oldcastle (let us be careful to explain) 'died a martyr, and this is not the man.' Young Gobbo belongs to Venice, Dogberry to Messina, Autolycus to Bohemia; Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are knights of Illyria; and even Christopher Sly, tinker of Burton-heath, is fetched up for no more important business than a prologue. Always—save in some historical plays where he could not avoid being tied to fact—Shakespeare is constant to remove his most English humour if not from England, at least from the passing certifiable hour. We see no reason to suspect pusillanimity in this, or over-cautious fear to offend: but it cannot be accidental, and we attribute it to the same romantic instinct which (it has been noted) sets Falstaff philosophising on occasion like a very Hamlet and Hamlet at whiles like a very Falstaff,—with one gift of utterance that universalises them—the voice of a prince of romance! We shall speak by-and-by of his other great gift by which he keeps them separate. For the moment we are concerned with that which so often to our mind carries him past romantic peril—the gift of a romantic utterance that, always adequate, can at will be made superb, let Brutus or Cleopatra speak it. But we submit that, in reliance upon it, Shakespeare often shows a magnificent indolence; that in particular he was careless in handling his plots; that 'something out of Italy' too often sufficed for him—genius would pull it through. And we raise

[1] In another line—in his masques and his scenic experiments with Inigo Jones—Jonson was equally a pioneer.

this question here because in *Measure for Measure*, striking play though it be, genius does *not* manage to pull it through.

III

What is wrong with this play? Evidently *something* is wrong, since the critics so tangle themselves in apologies and interpretations. Some have taken offence at its bawdry: others—dashing blades in revolt—would have us enjoy it for its realism; and these talk of youth, lustiness, fecundity; both parties being preoccupied with the bawdry and, under that preoccupation, judging this tragi-comedy at a squint. To Johnson, 'of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful.' Again:

> There is perhaps not one of *Shakespear's* plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its Authour, and the unskilfulness of its Editors, by distortion of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

Coleridge found *Measure for Measure* the only 'painful' play among Shakespeare's dramas. Swinburne calls it a 'great indefinable poem or unclassifiable play,' while opining that it 'stands too high by right of might in tragic impression to be seriously impaired or vitiated even by the moral flaw [of dismissing Angelo at the end scot-free], which induced even Coleridge to blaspheme.' Swinburne stands directly opposed to Johnson in preferring the tragic scenes to the comic: yet equally with Johnson, in the words 'indefinable' and 'unclassifiable,' he acknowledges the puzzle. To instance but two others out of many,—Gervinus is driven to evolve *more suo* a sinuous analysis of the 'psychological connection' between the motions of the plot and their discoverable motives in character and

passion; while Barrett Wendell (usually to be trusted to say the common-sensical) drops explanation with the remark that the general effect of *Measure for Measure*—the mood in which it leaves us—is unique. But a stage-play that requires an intricate psychological analysis to explain it is *ipso facto* a failure: the man who attempts such an analysis thereby proclaims that *for him* the piece has missed fire. Nor will a critic who can explain a play to himself quarrel with it because he finds it painful or because the mood produced by it is unique. He quarrels with that which he cannot explain, or else with himself because he cannot explain it: and he does so upon an instinctive feeling common to all men, that a work of art, to be perfect, should be pellucidly clear.

Is there, then, some lurking dishonesty in this play—something artistically or morally untrue—that vexes the critics? *L'écueil particulier du genre romantique, c'est le faux*, pronounced Sainte-Beuve. As a rule Shakespeare, with his swell of poetic canvas and his trick of the helm, skirts this reef audaciously, defiantly. But has his confident mastery betrayed him for once and run him ashore?

Well, the first thing to be said by way of answer, and in mere justice, is that, if the author of *Measure for Measure* has run his play on a reef, the reef is of his own raising, or at any rate not chargeable upon Cinthio or Whetstone. Their story is, if we will, extravagant and unlikely; but it runs straightforwardly enough within the bounds of the 'probable possible,' and Shakespeare leaves it no likelier, no less factitious, than he found it. Its conclusion is stagey, but coherent; Shakespeare's still stagier, and less coherent. Does the trouble then lie with the additions and alterations made by Shakespeare upon his original? Here are the most important:

(1) In Cinthio-Whetstone the heroine Cassandra does actually sacrifice her honour to save her brother's

life. In *Measure for Measure* this sacrifice is averted by substituting the rightful bride for the supposed bedfellow. There is no Mariana in the original story. Apparently Shakespeare found no moral difficulty in this trick: he makes Helena play it, upon a better excuse, in *All's Well that Ends Well*. He prepares our mood for it, he preludes it exquisitely up to a point: then of a sudden he thrusts it upon us, in a minute or two of intrigue, with a harshness that offends our sense of love as a delicate ceremony and has almost the effect of a rape, since the hands he uses to thrust it are those of holy Isabel. Anyhow, it remains a trick, and it dodges an extremity of decision which the Italian story fairly faces and, in its own way, solves. It saves Isabella, but at a price. We shall presently discuss that price and how it is paid.

(2) In Cinthio-Whetstone the King is merely a Judge of Appeal. He neither plays Haroun al Raschid in the underworld of Vienna, nor pulls the strings like a not-too-expert showman of marionettes.

(3) Cassandra is married to the man who has wronged her, pleads for his life, and secures it. In *Measure for Measure* the affronted Isabella after marrying up Mariana to her affronter, is easily claimed in marriage by the Duke, and by her silence as easily gives consent. In the original again, the free pardon of Angelo —so heinous in Swinburne's eyes—has at least an excuse good enough for a story-teller, and one that incidentally shows Andrugio (Claudio) in a better light than our play allows him to stand in. For whereas our Duke condemns Angelo:

> An Angelo for Claudio, death for death...

well knowing Claudio to be alive, and pardons him upon a mere afterthought or caprice of mercy, thus cheapening that prerogative 'likest God's' of which so many fine things have been so truly said in the course

of the drama[1] (for it has cheapened Justice, to which Mercy is as salt to meat—the grace, the 'seasoning,' not the solid sustenance of man in this world), in *Promos and Cassandra* the King does not know that Andrugio, for whose death he has condemned Promos, is still alive: and so, as we have seen [foot-note p. ix], Andrugio, for love of his sister, saves Promos' life at the hazard of his own.

In short, if we were to set forth the two plots in *précis*, it might very easily be argued that Whetstone's is the more rational story—as it is—and therefore the better—as it is not. It is, on the contrary, tedious, flat, stale and unprofitable; whereas *Measure for Measure*, for all its flaws, is alive, interesting, exciting, in parts powerfully—even terrifically—moving; and the secret of its difference lies in its poetry—in that and in nothing else.

IV

Where, then, lurks the main flaw, the secret of that dissatisfaction of which we are all conscious as we close the book or come away from the theatre? It would seem, to judge from their preoccupation with it—whether they condemn or justify or even profess to enjoy it—that most critics suspect the mischief to lie somewhere or somehow in the bawdry. We do not. But since *Measure for Measure* has come to be the *locus classicus* for Shakespearian bawdry, a few plain words on this subject will not be out of place here.

[1] It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. (Portia in Court.)

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown...nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. (Isabella before Angelo.)

'While men remain men and women remain women, there will surely be trouble'; and there is plenty of it in Vienna. But while men remain men and women remain women, there will be plenty of fun in the trouble, and especially when the duel becomes triangular. It is as old as the hills, too: the situation of Abram and Sarai in Pharaoh's court (*Genesis* xii) as easily might lend itself, then or now, to broad farce as to serious chronicle. Now beyond a doubt Shakespeare had a full and very free sense of this fun of sex as well as a very poignant sense of its trouble, of its tragedy. This very patent fact offends a number of critics, who would fain therefore dodge it, explain it away, or, when honest, allow and deprecate it: just because it does not suit with their ideal construction of what a mighty poet ought to be.

The evidence, however, is all against them. We lay no stress on the biographies, with their scraps of tradition: for gossip as a rule bears hardly on the morals of anyone 'connected with the stage,' and local reminiscence—especially of the sort retailed in bar-parlours—ever tends to ascribe 'wildness' to a genius born within its ambit. It accounts for the prodigy somehow. 'Will Shakespeare?'—runs the formula—'Why, God bless you, I knew him when he was *so* high!' *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*—and so we proceed to blacken our Swan of Avon; which makes him the rarer, and us the more likelier reflections of his lustre. Even discounting this, we for our part find the intolerable deal of sculduddery, the proportion it bears to the rest of the legend, not insignificant. To oblige the moralists, however, we will score it out: the more readily because 'the play's the thing,' and we prefer to seek in the plays for the real Shakespeare, the only Shakespeare that really concerns us.

But the plays themselves contain an amount of sculduddery that altogether confounds our Puritans.

To shut one's eyes to it is foolish; to deny its existence is worse; to allow its existence, even the amount of print it claims in any genuine text, and to account for these by a theory that Shakespeare wrote the plays and someone else inserted the lubricities, is mere caprice. In our notes, as editors, we draw no more attention than we need to the salacious lines, and comment only where their meaning turns upon a pun, a quibble, or an innuendo, the point of which has been so blunted by change of slang or of fashion that we have to re-indicate it to restore sense to the passage. But these passages are frequent; those we pass over, innumerous. Swinburne, who turned to austerity in his later age and always kept loyal to the friends of his early youth, has left us a panegyric upon Mr Bowdler, whose work indeed served a useful purpose. It may serve another, albeit a secondary one, if our critics will compare it with the full text of Shakespeare and, after a simple sum in subtraction, contemplate the remainder. We do not suggest their treating it after the fashion of the Delphin editors, but merely that they contemplate and realise its bulk.

There are some who, realising this, would excuse it on the ground that the patrons of the Elizabethan stage (as of other stages at other periods) demanded bawdry; and that Shakespeare had to supply it, though he might modify it to suit the slightly different taste of Whitehall, the Inns of Court, or the Pickt-Hatch. This plea might impress us if we could find evidence that Shakespeare's poverty, and not his will, consented; that he supplied the demand at all reluctantly. On the contrary—in his earlier plays, at any rate—he supplies it profusely and with an evident gusto: and when we come to *King Henry IV*, if any critic deny that in Falstaff, Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Shakespeare's invention was working joyously, at the top of its bent, we can only pass on and leave him denying it.

Other critics of late have suggested a wider excuse; appealing beyond the theatre to the custom of the age, and telling us confidently that women in Elizabethan times were by habit sensuously wooed for their 'charms,' *leurs appas*: that, in any contention of love, lovely woman figured as a prize merely to be handed over, like a box of sweets, to the winner. But these theorists, when they come to Shakespeare, find themselves in face of two obstacles, the one of which cannot be dodged honestly while the other cannot be dodged at all. They may argue that Shakespeare's men view women merely as objects of the chase: they cannot possibly, with any pretence of reason, argue that Shakespeare's women—that Beatrice, Miranda, Marina, or Brutus' Portia, or Lady Macbeth, or (to hark back to the beginning) the group of ladies in *Love's Labour's Lost*—view themselves in any such light. Now in the nature of things there never was, and there never could be, any common ground of understanding, any workable pact or social contract, in any nation where the women think as Shakespeare's women think and the men as these critics feign—and feign upon a hasty generalisation, which would summarise the Middle Ages and leave Dante and Petrarch out of account! Shakespeare's women have far too much to say about the business of life, and in saying it exhibit far too much of the serpent's wisdom, to pass for doves or allow their men to be mistaken for falcons.

But indeed his men themselves give the lie to this 'convention' theory. Bertram, Iago, Iachimo may be birds of this feather. But we recall Romeo's

> A grave? O no, a lantern...

Othello's

> It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul...

Macbeth's

> She should have died hereafter...

Antony's

Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done...

(Now whatever illusion we may cherish about Desdemona, Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra were not doves.) We recall Brutus under news of Portia's death, Ferdinand's wooing of Miranda. And, recalling these, we *know* that, when Shakespeare imagined a man of noble nature, to that man love was, for good or ill, a 'marriage of true minds.'

From these high scenes, then, we hark back to the *aselgeia* (say) of fair Katharine's catechism, or of the Mistress Overdone business in our play, and have to admit that, if by no means equally true to his best, Shakespeare was equally at home to himself, and familiar, in both styles.

V

For our part we find no monstrosity in this, believing that many writers have allowed themselves to be cajoled somewhat by Coleridge's phrase 'a myriad-minded man.' Shakespeare was a complete man, rather: an extraordinary man, to be sure; but in great part extraordinary as an ordinary man raised to the *n*th power. He wrote for all of us: which is to say that he wrote for an audience of ordinary men; and he wrote so that an ordinary man follows almost every one of his plots with anxiety and interest. This explains why our ordinary man so often shows himself so much sounder a critic of Shakespeare than the 'philologers.' Johnson might have said with more striking application of Shakespeare what he said of Gray's *Elegy*—that he 'abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every heart returns an echo.'

We would not fall into that sin of hasty generalisation which we have just been rebuking; and therefore

we neither maintain, of Shakespeare, that, to draw a Cordelia, a poet must know the whole gamut up from Doll Tearsheet and Mistress Overdone through Juliet's Nurse and Dame Quickly: nor, of the average man, that 'a poet has died young in the breast of the most solid.' But we do maintain of Shakespeare that the whole gamut was his natural range, and that therefore he found nothing incongruous in juxtaposing Romeo and Juliet with Mercutio and the Nurse; as we maintain of the average man that he is a decent fellow who knows that, while men remain men and women remain women, there will be trouble and fun intermixed; and as he understands both, can laugh broadly enough where laughter is appropriate, without more serious infection than comes of a glass of wine.

Youth of course—'lusty Juventus'—under the impulse of sex, tends more than age to speak of these things licentiously—'he jests at scars that never felt a wound.' It is a phase: and, as anyone would expect, we find the most of Shakespeare's bawdry-for-bawdry's-sake—the kind of stuff that mature men dub 'pointless'—in the plays of his dramatic nonage. Mature and mated men have 'been that way' and the most of them have come through its green-sickness healthily. A few (few, that is, in comparison) will have hardened themselves by that promiscuous sexual practice which, as Burns puts it,

> hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling,

—will have become Lucios in short—recognisable among us by a certain bulge of the eye with a certain hard white glitter of the eyeball. That Shakespeare understood these, and now and then sold hours of dross in writing down to them, is likely enough: since we need not go to school to Gosson to surmise that patrons of this sort frequented the Bankside in numbers out of proportion to their numbers in the commonwealth.

The point is that he never became as they: for their hall-mark is insensibility; and he, our poet—

> That can sing both high and low—

keeps his soul sensitive throughout to every sting of love; from *Venus and Adonis* to the *Sonnets*, from Orsino to Othello, from Juliet to the 'serpent of old Nile,' or to Imogen. He ranges from the simplicity of 'It was a lover and his lass' to the subtlety of

> Thy bosom is endearéd with all hearts
> Which I by lacking have supposéd dead....

But he never refines away the passion by intellectualising it: always his purest maidens are frank-eyed and, as in Juliet's invocation of night, the tender animal knows its quarry. As Henry James once wrote of Anthony Trollope, an ordinary writer for ordinary men and women:

> He writes, he feels, he judges like a man, talking plainly and frankly about many things, *and is by no means destitute of a certain saving grace of coarseness*. But he has kept the purity of his imagination and held fast to old-fashioned reverences and preferences.

Shakespeare, then, endowed with this saving grace of coarseness, could laugh grossly

> broad as ten thousand beeves
> At pasture...
> Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart.

Yet, as Portia warns—

> Tarry a little: there is something else.

VI

In all Shakespeare's work of the period to which *Measure for Measure* belongs we find him—and, as it were, of a sudden—concerned with bawdry in quite a new way, and especially concerned with lechery in

woman; possessed or constantly haunted by the thought of it; biting upon it as upon a wound, railing, raging upon it; laughing sometimes, but savagely, on the wrong side of the mouth.

To this period[1] belong the 'great tragedies'—of which we shall here say little or nothing—and three so-called comedies, *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well* (in its final form) and *Measure for Measure*; concerning all three of which we feel that, however little importance we attach to division by category, if they arrive at being comedies it is through fire; while we confess moreover that they worry us and, if we are honest, that they worry us because we understand them imperfectly. What we note for the moment is that a certain new strain of thinking—call it rather of brooding, betwixt repulsion and fascination—persists through 'tragedies' and 'comedies' alike—and through the *Sonnets*, if we assign them to this period. The fitchew, or the scent of the fitchew, is everywhere; from Thersites'

> Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets....Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery—nothing else holds fashion,

to Lear's

> To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
> Behold yon simp'ring dame, etc.

It is at this point that a student of Shakespeare meets with his strongest temptation to turn aside from the actual poetry and follow alluring clues of biography to be disentangled from the *Sonnets* and traced back to serve as clues to the plays. The temptation allures us the more, too, as our knowledge of other men tells us that only through the deepest waters of sorrow and

[1] Roughly, it covers the years 1601–8. When we reach the second date, the trouble has been pretty thoroughly purged.

disillusionment do the greatest among us win to such strength, and afterwards to such serenity of soul as Shakespeare attained: that whoso has not wetted and salted a crust with bitter tears,

He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers.

But we resist the temptation, because (1) the biographies are all gossip and conjecture, and (2) if they were anything better, they could but cloud the man's poetry for us with phenomena which explain nothing. *Something* happened to our poet just then or a little before, to torture his mind. Let us suppose him enamoured of a wanton, who betrayed him. What can it profit us to discover her name or her complexion? If, or when, we have made sure that her name was Mary Fitton and her complexion dusky, by what inch are we further advanced? There is nothing of distinction in the trouble itself; a trouble as old as the race, afflicting *N* or *M* among its afflicted millions. The distinction never lay, nor could lie, in the detail of a detective story. As a fact we know nothing about the secret. But if we knew all about it, as likely as not we should find the story itself an ordinary tale of a jilt, and as common as the dropping of a lucifer-match. The effect alone concerns us; the conflagration it awoke in Shakespeare, and the resultant poetry.

This result we have, under our eyes: and, studying it, we find that whenever Shakespeare attempts tragedy during this period he succeeds superbly, but that when he attempts comedy, in spite of magnificent passages, he leaves us—as in the earlier comedies he never left us—at a loss. When the curtain falls upon *Hamlet*, a plain man—even though acquainted with much that the critics have written upon *Hamlet*—knows well what the play has been about, and can applaud heartily. He will enjoy *Measure for Measure*, at best, with an afterthought of perplexity. Up to a

point he has followed and read its meaning easily: beyond this, it has been driving at something he does not see. As Croce well puts it:

> This play, which oscillates between the tragic and the comic, and has a happy ending instead of forming a drama of the sarcastic-sorrowful-horrible sort, fails to persuade us that it should have been thus developed and thus ended.

A work of art which leaves this perplexity has missed success. Somewhere the author has allowed his thought to be confused, or his insight has undergone a cloud. We have, then, to ask if Shakespeare's judgment was perchance unhinged during this while, knowing that

> Such things *are*,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud—

or, if we can, to fetch a likelier explanation from a study of the text.

VII

For they err, at any rate, who leave the story in the scales, telling us that 'Shakespeare never judges.' Like every other dramatist who knows his business, Shakespeare is always judging. His characters start to judge one another from the moment his curtain lifts, and continue doing so until it falls. Indeed this sustained interchange of judgment—in speech, or in silence preluding action,—is the essence of all drama, but specially and ostensibly of a play which our dramatist has been at pains to label *Measure for Measure*—'for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' Angelo judges Claudio, Claudio and Lucio judge Isabella: Escalus judges Pompey, and so does Abhorson, from their different professional angles. But Pompey has also his profession with *its* point of view, and judges society from that; as Barnardine weighs human life by his own morose philosophy; while the Duke

bustles around judging all and sundry—with the amount of success that usually attends one in a sweat to overtake his neglected business.

But a dramatist cannot start his characters judging one another in this fashion unless he has his own idea of their several moral values; that is, unless he has a clear idea of his own verdict, though he may withhold and hide it up his sleeve. Walter Pater accurately divines and has, to our thinking, expressed better than any other critic, the underlying verdict—the *idea* of the play—which, working deep in Shakespeare's mind, not seldom comes up to the surface: so often, indeed, that by a collection of stray passages, the idea can be shown as convincingly evident. This idea, according to Pater, is Poetical Justice:

> The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realise it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.
>
> 'Tis very pregnant:
> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it.

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgments.

VIII

Pater says well: and Shakespeare no doubt has the understanding, the capacity for this 'finer justice.' We have many another play for evidence; and in this one not a few flashes that show us the wrong-doer justifying himself to himself and under the law's frowning presence putting up an excuse to exist—as when Pompey pleads 'Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.'

Nevertheless an anthology of scattered passages and a solid play are two different things, and may produce a vastly different conviction: and Pater may accurately report what was working in Shakespeare's mind without convincing us that Shakespeare succeeded in expressing it: and if the total play does not clearly express this, then and to that extent it has failed, and the idea has not emerged, because in the author's mind it never attained to being thoroughly clear.

We submit that in *Measure for Measure*, as we have it, the idea is not thoroughly clear, has not been thoroughly realised. We take as our test Isabella; the 'heroine' and mainspring of the whole action. Isabella, more than any other character in the play, should carry our sympathy with her, or, at the least, our understanding. But does she? On the contrary the critics can make nothing of her or—which is worse—they make two opposite women of her, and praise or blame her accordingly. We pass Lucio's obeisance—

> I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted—

because sensualists like Lucio habitually divide women into two classes; the one comprising their animal prey, the other set apart as angels for the sentimental homage which vice pays to virtue. Shakespeare knew better than *that*. We take, rather, the opinions of two of her own sex upon this woman faced with the alternatives of

sacrificing either her chastity or her brother's life, and upon the line of her decision. Mrs Jameson, in her *Characteristics of Women* (1832), drew a comparison, often quoted, between Isabella and the Portia of *The Merchant of Venice*. They are equally wise, gracious, fair and young; yet

> Isabella is distinguished from Portia and strongly individualised by a certain moral grandeur, a saintly grace, something of vestal dignity and purity which render her less attractive and more imposing.

By Mrs Jameson's admission, then, she is less attractive than Portia: but Mrs Charlotte Lennox (still remembered as the Author of *The Female Quixote*), in her *Shakspear Illustrated*, published in 1753, can scarcely pardon Isabella at all, and indeed goes so far as to call her a 'vixen,' having her eye on the passage wherein she repels her brother—poor devil condemned to die—

> O, you beast,
> O, faithless coward, O, dishonest wretch,
> Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
> Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
> From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
> Heaven shield my mother played my father fair...
> For such a warpéd slip of wilderness
> Ne'er issued from his blood....Take my defiance,
> Die, perish...Might but my bending down
> Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed....
> I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
> No word to save thee.

Mrs Lennox comments:

> From her character, her profession, and degree of relation to the unhappy youth, one might have expected mild expostulations, wise reasonings, and gentle rebukes; his desire of life, though purchased by methods he could not approve, was a natural frailty which a sister might have pitied and excused, and have made use of her superior understanding to reason down his fears, recall nobler ideas

to his mind, teach him what was due to her honour and his own, and reconcile him to his approaching death by arguments drawn from that religion and virtue of which she made so high a profession: but that torrent of abusive language, those coarse and unwomanly reflexions on the virtue of her mother, her exulting cruelty to the dying youth, are the manners of an affected prude, outrageous in her seeming virtue; not of a pious, innocent and tender mind.

Furnivall is (as one would expect) upon Mrs Jameson's side. *He* reckons Isabella as 'the first of the three splendid women who illumine the dark Third Period: she, glorious for her purity and righteousness, Cordelia for her truth and filial love, Volumnia for her devotion to honour and her love of her native land. Perhaps we may add a fourth, Portia, Brutus's wife, for nobleness and wifely duty. But the highest of all is Isabella.' On the other hand Hazlitt is 'not greatly enamoured of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not have acted otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is "sublimely good" at another's expense as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial.' And a recent critic, Sir George Greenwood, writes[1]:

> Let Isabella be a paragon of virtue. Let her chastity be as ice that no warmth of affection can raise above the freezing-point, even though a dear brother's life may depend on it; let her be saintlike, and virginal, and holy. But surely she might reprove a wretched brother, lying in the valley of the shadow of death, in restrained and measured language, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and not with the abuse and vituperation of a termagant!

We do not set ourselves up for umpires in this dispute. Our point is that the dispute itself—the mere fact that intelligent readers can hold such opposite views of a character which, on the face of it, should be

[1] In *The New World*, Nov. 1920.

simplicity itself—is proof that the play misses clearness in portraying its most important character.

And our own sense of the play has to admit the perplexity of Isabella. It has annoyed us so that at one time we were almost driven to examine her and Angelo as two pendent portraits or studies in the ugliness of Puritan hypocrisy. We grant, however, that she is honestly conceived as a heroine; and further, if the reader will, that hers (as opposed to Cassandra's in the original) was the righteous choice. Still, it has to be admitted that she is something rancid in her chastity; and, on top of this, not by any means such a saint as she looks. To put it nakedly, she is all for saving her own soul, and she saves it by turning, of a sudden, into a bare procuress. It is, as we have said in our General Introduction, the vindication of such a genius as Shakespeare's that it carries on and sustains an equal though different appeal to various succeeding ages. But it must take the rough with the smooth on its way. To Isabella the supposed Friar (the disguised Duke) would be a holy man: and we are all acquainted with the sort of woman who will commit herself to any deed without question, if it be suggested by a priest. It remains a fact that on the supposed Friar's suggestion, and with no qualm of conscience, but with careful contrivance, Isabella substitutes Mariana for herself in Angelo's bed. Her panegyrists may excuse it: they cannot overlook it: and to us, in our day, it looks as if this virgin 'enskied and sainted' had saved herself by a trick which denudes her own chastity of all but chastity's conventional (or conventual) religious trappings; that she is chaste, even fiercely chaste, for herself, without quite knowing what chastity means. We tell ourselves this; anon, as we read, we repent having said it; and, a page or so later, we say it again—or at least that 'We do not love thee, Isabel. The reason why we cannot tell....'

We put aside the question whether she was a better

or a worse woman in refusing to sacrifice her chastity to save a very dear brother's life. On this point Sir George Greenwood makes confession:

> For myself, I greatly prefer the character of Cassandra [the Cassandra of Whetstone's story], who was willing at the last to endure all the shame and misery in order to save the life of the brother whom she loved—even as Monna Vanna was willing to sacrifice herself in order to save the town and citizens of Pisa—to the rigid inflexible 'virtue' of Shakespeare's Isabella! Such is my own opinion, let those condemn it who will.

We do not condemn it: yet we have no doubt that it lay within Shakespeare's power, at its best, to create an Isabella who should make the refusal and yet keep our sympathy along with our admiration. In the play, as we have it, he has not done this; and the trouble, to our thinking, lies *in his failure to make Isabella a consistent character.*

IX

An exemplar of chastity should at all events be consistent—or at all events consistent in chastity, that most definite of virtues. But in fact one never knows where to take this paragon. She will plead Claudio's lapse as a venial sin: at the first suggestion of her own sinning it is 'O, you beast!'—but by-and-by, to escape this, she is mating a pair without wedlock; while at the end we are left to suppose that for herself mating is mainly a question of marriage-lines; and that, for a Duke, she will throw her novitiate head-dress over the mill. She can be eloquent—so eloquent! She will plead to Angelo for clemency, for mercy, in words that melt the heart: yet when it comes to her own turn to pity and forgive, she casts her own brother from her remorselessly, and never speaks to him again—no, not when he is returned to her from the tomb. Her gift of taciturnity would

seem to be no less wayward, spasmodic, unaccountable, than her gift of golden speech. But this play, like some others of Shakespeare's, has mysterious silences. Claudio says nothing at all in the final *ἀναγνώρισις*, which either dumbfounds him equally with his sister or leaves the pair equally and mutually cold[1]. He has spoken his last words in 3. 2., not ignobly: Isabella ends on a string of palpable sophistry. When the Duke lordlily announces his intent to make her his bride—

> Dear Isabel,
> I have a motion much imports your good,
> Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline...
> What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine—

she is dumb again. The curtain falls, and there is an end.

In effect, Isabella disappoints. The stage has been carefully set for her. Brothel and prison contribute their darkness, all Vienna is taxed of its vice, to throw into higher relief this white apparition from the cloister, shining in purity, corsletted in virtue[2]. Yet in effect she disappoints: for in effect she writes no lesson on the dark walls, as they teach none to her soul. The true human interest slides away from her contention with Angelo to her contention with her wretched brother: and when that is over (and we have felt that, though her conduct may be exemplary, her behaviour has been too hard), she does little benefit to anybody. After 3. 1., while

[1] We must remind ourselves, however, that a drama does not depend on the spoken word alone. On the stage a gaze of incredulity, a sob, a speechless shelter in a brother's embrace might well be more effective than any speech. But v. Note 5. 1. 473 for a possible explanation of these strange silences.

[2] The 'value' of this setting is perhaps most appreciated when missed. We appeal for confirmation to anyone who has witnessed a performance of *Measure for Measure* with the Overdone business left out.

by no means 'static'—she is, if anything, too busy—she has missed her chance, and thenceforward performs no real good nor learns aught. The child Marina in *Pericles* passes through the brothel in Mitylene and passes out, triumphant, bequeathing some light of her purity to those that sit in darkness. It has been a trial of Una. But for our true release from the stews of Vienna and their fœtid atmosphere we turn not to Isabella. We turn rather to Mariana's moated garden beyond the walls, 'its dejected mistress, its long listless, discontented days, when we hear only the voice of a boy broken off suddenly in the midst of one of the loveliest songs of Shakespeare or of Shakespeare's school'—a garden upon the dusk of which Isabella glides with something more sinuous than the innocence of a dove. Mariana has little to say: but Mariana feels as Isabella does not; and with her we have at least the craving to be free of that Viennese world in which Isabella, with her Friar-Duke, is too fatally at home, and destined to be at home for all her vows. As the old rhyme has it:

> Oh that I were where I would be!
> Then should I be where I am not:
> For where I am there I must be,
> And where I would be I can not.

Is it extravagant to suppose that Shakespeare invented this remote and exquisite scene, with its sob of the lute, on realising that Isabella had failed, and was henceforth issueless, to deliver the spirit of his dream?

X

The Duke comports himself no less capriciously. He begins well, and in his exhortation to Claudio upon death he speaks most nobly. But he tails off into a stage-puppet and ends a wearisome man, talking rubbish. From the first no one quite knows why he has

chosen to absent himself ostentatiously from Vienna and to come back pretending to be somebody else. His game puzzles Lucio only less completely than it puzzles us. The one thing certain about him, apart from the occasional nobility of his diction, is that, as guardian of the state and its laws, he shirks his proper responsibility and steals back *incognito* to play busy-body and spy on his deputy. This is Angelo's best excuse: that, for the play's purpose, his master knows either too much or too little of his antecedents. The amount of that knowledge, or of that suspicion, in one place contradicts the amount in another. We content ourselves here with one passage (3. 1. 159). The disguised Duke says to Claudio:

> Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister....Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures....She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true.

Now this is a statement contrary to fact: but it is worse. It either betrays a priest's confessional secrecy or it is a flat falsehood. It is, for choice, a flat and unashamed falsehood—for how in a few hours could a sham priest have become Angelo's confessor? But whether a flat falsehood or a betrayal of holy confidence, it scarcely becomes the conscience of a Duke.

More and more, after the grand exhortation in 3. 1., he seems to forget his own noble assurance in the opening scene:

> Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues.

Yet we could forgive, while regretting, that his issues, and Isabella's, fail in fineness and end in staginess, if they were but pursued consistently with character. But they are not. They are pursued capriciously: and

this, we suspect—albeit he did not go on to lay his instinct in account with reason—lurks beneath Hazlitt's complaint that 'there may be said to be a general system of cross-purposes between the feelings of the different characters and the sympathy of the reader or the audience.'

For, as Aristotle was at pains to point out long ago, above all things we require of a drama that its actions should follow one another in a sequence of necessity or probability, and that, to this end, *A* or *B* shall say or do, at any given moment, what he or she would naturally say or do. For the moment, by divination of genius, their author will make them say or do something which startles us: but the next instant we recognise it as right and natural and pay him our handsomest tribute, telling ourselves 'Why, of course—but how did we miss to guess that *this* was coming—nay, bound to come?' Understanding —imaginative understanding—rules all drama, author conveying it to audience, from Oedipus' *ἰὼ Κιθαιρών, τί μ' ἐδέχου;* to Pompey Bum's 'Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.' Oedipus or Pompey, they must alike evoke the response in us, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

XI

A playwright, by the first law of his art, appeals to men and women seated in a theatre. If a playwright, expert as Shakespeare was in 1604, puzzle his auditors, teasing them with inconsistencies; if his manuscript, printed in 1623, equally tease the reader; we are driven to choose between the alternatives—*either* he had a drama in gestation within him, but never contrived to bring it clearly to birth (which means that he never thoroughly thought out *Measure for Measure* at any time); *or* that the text of *Measure for Measure*, as we have it, does his play an injustice.

Let us concede all we may. Let us allow that no poet at the age of forty or thereabouts can

> recapture
> The first fine careless rapture,

and that for us to seek in *Measure for Measure* the glad confident note of *Much Ado* or of *As You Like It* is, as Don Quixote would warn us, to look for this year's birds in last year's nests. We 'know at first sight if the bird has flown.' Let us grant Croce his full meaning when he tells us that 'not only does this comedy verge upon tragedy, but here and there it becomes immersed in it, vainly attempting to return to the light romantic vein and end like a fairy story, with everyone happy.' Our trouble is not even that in the final scene it does revert so, with a forced and galvanised stage-grin. Our trouble is that it works to that end incongruously.

Are we, then, to suppose that Shakespeare's capacity and judgment had been unhinged for the while by some mysterious dark lady? Before we have recourse to that explanation, it will surely be more economical to find one, if we can, in the text itself.

XII

We point out, and we appraise, in our note on the Copy (pp. 101–3) a number of inconsistencies and one or two 'improbable impossibilities' in the text: and we there suggest a definite explanation, asking the reader to accept it for a reasoned hypothesis and no more. Our business here is to prove that the mischief exists, is serious, and must be accounted for. It leaps to the eye in the two scenes (the prison scene, 3. 1., and Mariana's garden, 4. 1.) which we all select to remember as the very greatest; the one crucial to the action, solemn, passionate, magnificent; the other a picture seen—as through a rift of heavy clouds—far and for-

lorn, caressed by the sunset while evening prepares to draw over the long day, the sad heart, her

gradual dusky veil.

The first of these scenes, through the half of its course and a little beyond, rolls a torrent of great poetry. The Duke's exhortation is right *Hamlet*:

Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness... Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more...

and when the Duke ceases, Isabella and her brother, taking up the descant, sustain it, carry it higher yet:

Isabella. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claudio. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Now after this, and after Claudio's terrible

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,

—of a sudden, at l. 150, how do the Duke and Isabella commence to talk? They not only drop plumb out of high poetry into prose: they fairly bottom prose in such Euphuistic lingo as this:

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isabella. I have no superfluous leisure. My stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair...

—as 'the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows.'

The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding[1]....Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself....I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isabella. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

This being granted, the Duke unfolds his plot:

Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience...This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.... The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt...If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof....What think you of it?

Isabella. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

It is, we know, an invidious business to raise disquiet in minds that find *their* Shakespeare 'good enough for

[1] In other words, he has learnt of it by eavesdropping.

them' and ask only to be let alone with the old familiar text: and one is timid, even for truth's sake, to suggest doubts. But here is plain certainty. The two halves of this scene cannot be made of a piece by anyone possessing even a rudimentary acquaintance with English prose and poetry. We will not say that they could not have been written—an interval granted—by the same man. But we say confidently that the two parts could not have been written by the same man at one spell, on one inspiration, or with anything like an identical or even continuous poetic purpose.

After this, the garden scene may pass. Here the Duke and Isabella, after breaking in upon the poetry—it is music indeed that they interrupt—let us down with sufficiently good verse. But here again (1) the time allowed for Isabella to lead Mariana (a stranger) aside, and persuade her, is derisory: it occupies six lines of the Duke's blank verse: and (2) even these six lines have been lifted out of their place, are an utterly irrelevant stop-gap, and (as Warburton noted) must have originally tailed on to a previous speech of the Duke's (3. 2. 178–81; v. p. 98). Put them together, and they are seen to run together:

> No might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes....What king so strong
> Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
> O place and greatness...millions of false eyes
> Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
> Run with these false and most contrarious quests
> Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
> Make thee the father of their idle dream,
> And rack thee in their fancies.

We take these two best-known scenes because they are the greatest, and therefore most startlingly exhibit the clash of irreconcilable styles (3. 1.) with discordance of invention (4. 1.). But, at the other end of

the scale, who can reconcile the business of Pompey and Elbow (2. 1.), so obviously Dogberry-like and Shakespearian, with the dismal dirtiness of 1. 2., which even Lucio has to summarise as 'all this fooling'? There is all the difference that we noted between Launce and Speed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a difference between true humour and dull buffoonery over which we reluctantly construct a bridge in one man's mind—and that man a genius. But again it is one of the puzzles of the play that the jackanape Lucio should take so much of the limelight as he does in the *finale*, and the Duke waste so much attention upon him, while Isabella and Claudio—the two that most count—stand silent in the background.

XIII

As we have said, we know—for we have shared the feeling—how jealous the ordinary lover of Shakespeare can be for the text to which he has grown accustomed; how apt to resent, or at least to suspect, even a doubt cast upon that which use and wont have consecrated for *him*. We know this; and as a rule we put our own few 'conjectural emendations' away in the Notes, where they can do no harm. But so long ago as 1865 the Cambridge Editors, those cautious scholars, dealing with a play of which the Folio version could be checked and corrected by Quarto texts, announced that ' a careful study of the text of *Romeo and Juliet* will show how little we can rely upon having the true text, as Shakespeare wrote it, in those plays for which the Folio is our earliest authority.' Such a play is *Measure for Measure*, which has tantalised critic after critic. We submit that 3. 1. itself should convince the open-minded reader that the cause of this perplexity lies in the Folio text, that the mischief is a rooted one, and

that to squeeze corrupt passages to express fresh and lively meanings is a folly of hope if not of perversity.

Measure for Measure is a great play—in parts, and in despite that its parts do not fit. It arrests—it impresses while it puzzles—every reader. It does not, in our experience, gain new votes when transferred from the library to the stage—as *The Taming of the Shrew*, for example (a vastly less serious play), undoubtedly does. But no play of Shakespeare's carries a stronger conviction that, although the goods may be 'mixed,' we are trafficking with genius. No two surprises in the range of art could be more widely separate than the page's broken song in Mariana's garden and the growls of Barnardine from his cell; nothing could strike on our ears more unexpectedly than the note of either. But in the stroke of each we recognise a novelty eminently right though, up to the moment, quite beyond range of our guessing. In this strange thrill upon our senses we must own, upon whatsoever nerve it touches, the operating hand of genius. In Angelo, too, and Claudio (until our text abruptly closes Claudio's mouth) we have two consistent characters, each endowed with language worthy of *Hamlet*. The Puritan Angelo indeed, discovered on his knees—

> When I would pray and think, I think and pray
> To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
> Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
> As if I did but only chew his name,
> And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
> Of my conception...

might almost be understudy to King Claudius praying

> O limèd soul, that struggling to be free
> Art more engaged....Help, angels, make assay!...
> My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.

While Claudio in the prison scene not only speaks with

Hamlet's very accent[1], but by his conduct throughout it illustrates a truth as profound as any in *Hamlet* concerning irresolute souls—that for all such the backwash of a temptation is more dangerous than its first direct onset. When hope is over (4. 2.) Claudio plays the man, even as in his last agony poor Branwell Brontë insisted on standing up to die because 'as long as there was life there was strength of will to do what it chose.'

As for Angelo, we cannot feel as fiercely as Swinburne over the leniency of his pardon; partly because (as we have hinted) we find it hard to take the final scene seriously, what with the insufferable Lucio ambling up and down to turn the whole affair into 'comedy' in spite of itself, and the Duke abetting by lending him so much attention distraught from the true and weightier justice in hand, when a word might dismiss the fribble to the stocks. We remember the claim of Mariana, we compare it with Helena's in *All's Well*, and tell ourselves that as the constancy of both to a 'pre-contract' has a meaning unintelligible to our age, so the value of its reward passes our modern understanding. But we also remind ourselves that Shakespeare could have turned this Puritan Angelo into a comic figure, an he would; that he has resisted the temptation, and has indicated, in 2. 4., a true 'soul's tragedy.' He fails to carry it through: and that is yet another enigma in this most inconsistent drama.

XIV

With all this, in justice to the play in its Folio text, we must allow the moral to be in general—as that of *Troilus and Cressida* is not—plain and even explicit.

[1] Let the famous lines beginning 'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where' be read alongside Hamlet's yet more famous soliloquy. We have already found this haunting likeness in the Duke's exhortation.

The world is full of evil: unless restrained by law and the decencies of a social code, our most natural impulses wallow in excess, which is flat sin; and no public good comes of talking, as Pater does, of

> a group of persons, attractive, full of desire, vessels of the genial seed-bearing powers of nature, a gaudy existence flowing out over the old court and city of Vienna, a spectacle of the fulness and pride of life which to some may seem to touch the verge of wantonness.

For to all normal judgment, the judgment to which Shakespeare appeals, Lucio and Mistress Overdone noisomely overstep that verge. Evil is evil, and definite: the world is full of it: and we 'cannot steer the drifting raft.' But we can keep order on board and share out the provisions with due tenderness to the sick, the women, the children; and to this end we elect magistrates, justices. What rule of service should they have —can they have—but the old maxim of 'Put Yourself in His Place,' which might indeed serve as sub-title to *Measure for Measure*?

> I would to heaven I had your potency,
> And you were Isabel.

All is summed up in this appeal of Isabella's and that other to the higher sanction:

> Alas, alas...
> Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy: how would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgement, should
> But judge you, as you are? O, think on that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside.'

Four dots represent a full-stop in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause.

Original colons or semicolons, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance.

Similarly, significant commas have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

In plays for which both Folio and Quarto texts exist, passages taken from the text not selected as the basis for the present edition will be enclosed within square brackets.

Single inverted commas (') are editorial; double ones ("") derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The scene: Vienna

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*

ANGELO, *the Deputy*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord*

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*

LUCIO, *a fantastic*

Two other like gentlemen

†VARRIUS

A Provost

THOMAS, PETER } *two friars*

†*A Justice*

ELBOW, *a simple constable*

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman*

POMPEY, *a clown, servant to Mistress Overdone*

ABHORSON, *an executioner*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*

FRANCISCA, *a nun*

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd*

Lords, officers, citizens, boy, and attendants

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

[1.1.] *The council-chamber in the Duke's palace at Vienna*

ESCALUS and other councillors seated at a table: the DUKE in his chair of state: two attendants with partisans at the door

Duke. Escalus.

Escalus. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
†But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work...The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y'are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enrichéd any
That we remember...There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp...Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo...
[*an attendant bows and goes forth*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.
Duke. Look where he comes.

ANGELO enters and kneels before the Duke

Angelo. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke [*gazes at him*]. Angelo...
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th'observer doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use...But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise;
Hold therefore, Angelo... [*he proffers the commission*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue, and heart...Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary....
Take thy commission.
Angelo. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my mettle,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leavened and preparéd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours...
[*Angelo rises and takes the commission*
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value...We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us—and do look to know
What doth befall you here....So, fare you well:
To th'hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Angelo. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good...Give me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and 'aves' vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it....Once more, fare you well.
Angelo. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
Escalus. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness.
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*he departs*
Escalus [*to Angelo*]. I shall desire you, sir, to give
me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have—but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Angelo. 'Tis so with me...Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
Escalus. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*they go out together, the councillors following*

[1.2.] *A street in Vienna*

Lucio and two gentlemen

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gentleman. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Second Gentleman. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Second Gentleman. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gentleman. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal...There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Second Gentleman. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Second Gentleman. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gentleman. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gentleman. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all

controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gentleman. Well: there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant: as there may between the lists and the velvet....Thou art the list.

First Gentleman. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee...I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet....Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost: and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gentleman. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Second Gentleman. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Mistress Overdone the bawd is seen approaching

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

Second Gentleman. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Second Gentleman. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gentleman. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gentleman. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy: but so sound as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

MISTRESS OVERDONE comes up

First Gentleman [*to her*]. How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Overdone. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Second Gentleman. Who's that, I pray thee?

Overdone. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gentleman. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Overdone. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested... saw him carried away...and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so...Art thou sure of this?

Overdone. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Second Gentleman. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gentleman. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Lucio and the gentlemen hurry away*

Overdone. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

POMPEY approaches

How now! what's the news with you?

Pompey. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Overdone. Well: what has he done?

Pompey. A woman.

Overdone. But what's his offence?

Pompey. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Overdone. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pompey. No: but there's a woman with maid by him... You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Overdone. What proclamation, man?

Pompey. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Overdone. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pompey. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Overdone. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pompey. To the ground, mistress.

Overdone. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth...What shall become of me? [*she weeps*

Pompey. Come: fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still...Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you, that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Overdone. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Pompey. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet. [*they go*

The PROVOST *and officers come up with* CLAUDIO *and* JULIET *in custody;* LUCIO *and the two gentlemen following*

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus
to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight

†The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will—
On whom it will not, so. Yet still 'tis just.

An officer moves on with Juliet

Lucio [*coming forward*]. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil—and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the †morality of imprisonment...What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio. What (but to speak of) would offend again.

Lucio. What is't? murder?

Claudio. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claudio. Call it so.

Provost. Away, sir! you must go.

Claudio. One word, good friend...Lucio, a word with you. [*they talk aside*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good...
Is lechery so looked after?

Claudio. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contráct
I got possession of Julietta's bed.
You know the lady—she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order....This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us....But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claudio. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy, now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in...But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolléd penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me...'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off...Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claudio. I have done so, but he's not to be found....
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation....
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy: bid herself assay him—
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men: beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
Lucio. I pray she may;
as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack...
I'll to her.
Claudio. I thank you, good friend Lucio.
Lucio. Within two hours.
Claudio. Come, officer, away. [*they go*

[1.3.] *A friar's cell*

DUKE and Friar THOMAS

Duke. No...holy father, throw away that thought.
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
Friar. May your grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
†Where youth and cost a witless bravery keeps....
I have delivered to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland—
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received...Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?
Friar. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

†The needful bits and curbs for headstrong wills,
†Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey...Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use...in time the rod
†More mocked than feared...so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Friar. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear...too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment...Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may, in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
†To do it slander...And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: Therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
†How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar...Mo reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows; or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose...what our seemers be. [*they go*

[1.4.] *The outer courtyard of a nunnery*

ISABELLA and FRANCISCA, a nun

Isabella. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isabella. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Knocking at the gate

A voice without. Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isabella. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unsworn:
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak....
He calls again: I pray you, answer him. [*she goes within*
Isabella [*unlocks the postern*]. Peace and prosperity!
Who is't that calls?

LUCIO enters

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less...Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isabella. Why 'her unhappy brother'? Let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair... [*bows*] your brother kindly
greets you;
Not to be weary with you—he's in prison.
Isabella. Woe me; for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isabella. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true;
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement—an immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isabella. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it...Fewness and truth, 'tis thus—
Your brother and his lover have embraced;
As those that feed grow full...as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison...even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isabella. Some one with child by him? My
cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isabella. Adoptedly—as school-maids change
their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isabella. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point...:
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design...Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example...All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isabella. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censured him
Already—and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isabella. Alas...what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isabella. My power! alas, I doubt—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt...Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods: but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs

As they themselves would owe them.
Isabella. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isabella. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair...I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you. [*he bows*
Isabella [*opening the gate for him*]. Good sir, adieu.

He goes out; she shuts the gate and turns back into the nunnery

[2.1.] *A Court of Justice*

ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a JUSTICE seated; the PROVOST, officers and other attendants standing

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Escalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death...Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained th'effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall...I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try...What's open made
to justice,
†That justice seizes: who knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it....
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial....Sir, he must die.

Escalus. Be it as your wisdom will.

Angelo. Where is the provost?

Provost [*comes forward*]. Here, if it like your honour.

Angelo. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared—
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*the Provost goes out*

Escalus. Well...heaven forgive him; and forgive us all...
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

Elbow and officers enter with Pompey and Froth in custody

Elbow. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their

abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Angelo. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elbow [*bows*]. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Angelo. Benefactors! Well: what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elbow. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of: and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escalus. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Angelo. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pompey. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Angelo. What are you, sir?

Elbow. He sir? a tapster, sir: parcel-bawd: one that serves a bad woman: whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escalus. How know you that?

Elbow. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour—

Escalus. How! thy wife?

Elbow. Ay, sir: whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman—

Escalus. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elbow. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escalus. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elbow. Marry, sir, by my wife--who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escalus. By the woman's means?

Elbow. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but, as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pompey. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elbow. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escalus [*to Angelo*]. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pompey. Sir, she came in great with child: and longing —saving your honour's reverence!—for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence; your honours have seen such dishes— they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Escalus. Go to: go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pompey. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point...As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes: and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly: for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pompey. Very well: you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Pompey. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—

Froth. All this is true.

Pompey. Why, very well then—

Escalus. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose ...What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pompey. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escalus. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pompey. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave...And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir—a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas...was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pompey. Why, very well: I hope here be truths...He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pompey. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths—

Angelo [*rises*]. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escalus. I think no less: good morrow to your lordship....
[*Angelo goes out*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pompey. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elbow. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pompey. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escalus. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pompey. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's

face...Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose...Doth your honour mark his face?

Escalus. Ay, sir, very well.

Pompey. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escalus. Well, I do so.

Pompey. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escalus. Why, no.

Pompey. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him...Good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escalus. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pompey. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elbow. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pompey. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escalus. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elbow. O thou caitiff...O thou varlet...O thou wicked Hannibal...I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer... Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee.

Escalus. If he took you a box o'th'ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escalus. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your worship for it...Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee! Thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escalus [*to Froth*]. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escalus. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escalus. So... [*to Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey. A tapster—a poor widow's tapster.

Escalus. Your mistress' name?

Pompey. Mistress Overdone.

Escalus. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey. Nine, sir: Overdone by the last.

Escalus. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth... Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them...Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship...For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escalus. Well: no more of it, Master Froth: farewell... [*Froth goes*] Come you hither to me, Master Tapster: what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pompey. Pompey.

Escalus. What else?

Pompey. Bum, sir.

Escalus. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great...Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey—howsoever you colour it in being a tapster—are you not? Come, tell me true. It shall be the better for you.

Pompey. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escalus. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pompey. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escalus. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pompey. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escalus. No, Pompey.

Pompey. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then...If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escalus. There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pompey. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads...If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escalus. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar

to you: in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt; so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pompey. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine....

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*he goes*

Escalus. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, master constable...How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elbow. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escalus. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time...You say, seven years together?

Elbow. And a half, sir.

Escalus. Alas, it hath been great pains to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't....Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elbow. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escalus. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elbow. To your worship's house, sir?

Escalus. To my house: fare you well... [*Elbow goes out*
What's o'clock, think you?

Justice. Eleven, sir.

Escalus. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Justice. I humbly thank you.

Escalus. It grieves me for the death of Claudio—
But there's no remedy.

Justice. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escalus. It is but needful....
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so,

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe...
But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy....
Come, sir. [*they depart, followed by attendants, etc.*

[2.2.] *The* PROVOST *enters, ushered in by a servant*

Servant. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you. [*he goes*
Provost. Pray you, do...I'll know
His pleasure—may be he will relent...Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream.
All sects, all ages smack of this vice—and he
To die for't!

ANGELO enters

Angelo. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Provost. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Angelo. Did I not tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Provost. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Angelo. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Provost. I crave your honour's pardon...
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Angelo. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

The servant comes to the door

Servant. Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.
Angelo. Hath he a sister?

Provost. Ay, my good lord—a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Angelo. Well: let her be admitted.
[*the servant departs*
See you, the fornicatress be removed.
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means.
There shall be order for't.

Isabella enters, accompanied by Lucio

Provost [*bowing to take leave*]. Save your honour!
Angelo. Stay a little while... [*to Isabella*] Y'are welcome: what's your will?
Isabella. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Angelo. Well: what's your suit?
Isabella. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must—
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Angelo. Well: the matter?
Isabella. I have a brother is condemned to die,
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Provost. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isabella. O just, but severe law...
I had a brother then; heaven keep your honour.
[*she turns to go*

(*Lucio.* Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.
Isabella. Must he needs die?
Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.
Isabella. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Angelo. I will not do't.
Isabella. But can you, if you would?
Angelo. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isabella. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him!
Angelo. He's sentenced—'tis too late.
(*Lucio.* You are too cold.
Isabella. Too late? why, no: I, that do speak a word,
†May call it in again...Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown...nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does...
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him—but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Angelo. Pray you, be gone.
Isabella. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel...should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
(*Lucio.* Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isabella. Alas, alas...
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Angelo. Be you content—fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
Isabella. To-morrow? O, that's sudden.
Spare him, spare him...
He's not prepared for death...even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season...shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
(*Lucio.* Ay, well said.
Angelo. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept.
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
†If that the first that did th'edict infringe
Had answered for his deed....Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils—
†Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born—
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
†But, ere they live, to end.

Isabella. Yet show some pity.
Angelo. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another....Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isabella. So you must be the first that gives
this sentence,
And he, that suffers...O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
(*Lucio.* That's well said.
Isabella. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder...Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splits the unwedgeable and gnarléd oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured—
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep...who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
(*Lucio.* O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent.
He's coming: I perceive't.
(*Provost.* Pray heaven, she win him.
Isabella. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
(*Lucio.* Thou'rt i'th' right, girl—more o'that.

Isabella. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
(*Lucio.* Art avised o'that? more on't.
Angelo. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isabella. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o'th' top; go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
(*Angelo.* She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it... [*aloud*] Fare you well.
[*he turns away*
Isabella. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Angelo. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isabella. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
turn back.
Angelo [*turns*]. How! bribe me!
Isabella. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.
(*Lucio.* You had marred all else.
Isabella. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preservéd souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Angelo. Well: come to me to-morrow.
(*Lucio.* Go to; 'tis well; away.
Isabella. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Angelo. Amen....

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isabella. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Angelo. At any time 'fore-noon.
Isabella [*bows*]. 'Save your honour!
[*she goes out followed by Lucio and the Provost*
Angelo. From thee...even from thy virtue....
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha! not she...nor doth she tempt...but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season...Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie...
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves...What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin, in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite...Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondred how.
[*he goes*

[2.3.] *A walled courtyard before a prison*

The DUKE, *disguised as a friar: the* PROVOST

Duke. Hail to you, provost—so, I think you are.
Provost. I am the provost...What's your will,
good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them...and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Provost. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

JULIET comes from the prison

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report...She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Provost. As I do think, to-morrow....
I have provided for you—stay awhile, [*to Juliet*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.
Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter—but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear—
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest...
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him...
Grace go with you. Benedicite! [*he enters the prison*
Juliet. †Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.
Provost. 'Tis pity of him.
[*they leave the courtyard*

[2.4.] *A room in the house of Lord Angelo*

ANGELO, *on his knees*

Angelo [*rises*]. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception...The state whereon I studied

Is like a good thing, being often read,
†Grown sere and tedious: yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain...O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood—
Let's write 'good Angel' on the devil's horn,
†'Tis not the devil's crest.

A servant knocks and enters

How now, who's there?

Servant. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Angelo. Teach her the way...[*the servant goes*]
O heavens,
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons—
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

ISABELLA enters

How now, fair maid?

Isabella. I am come to know your pleasure.

Angelo. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis...Your brother cannot live.

Isabella. Even so...Heaven keep your honour. [*going*

Angelo. Yet may he live awhile: and, it may be,
As long as you or I...yet he must die.
Isabella. Under your sentence?
Angelo. Yea.
Isabella. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
Angelo. Ha! fie, these filthy vices: it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
†As to put mettle in restrained mints,
To make a false one.
Isabella. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Angelo. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly....
Which had you rather—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?
Isabella. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Angelo. I talk not of your soul: our compelled sins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Isabella. How say you?
Angelo. Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say...Answer to this—
I (now the voice of the recorded law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isabella. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.
Angelo. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isabella. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it...you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Angelo. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isabella. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Angelo. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masques
†Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed...But mark me—
To be receivéd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isabella. So.
Angelo. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isabella. True.
Angelo. Admit no other way to save his life—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
†But in the loss of question—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
†Of the all-binding law: and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer...
What would you do?

Isabella. As much for my poor brother, as myself...
That is: were I under the terms of death,
Th'impression of keen whips I'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
†That longings have been sick for, ere I'ld yield
My body up to shame.
Angelo. Then must your brother die.
Isabella. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Angelo. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?
Isabella. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Angelo. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isabella. O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Angelo. We are all frail.
Isabella. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Angelo. Nay, women are frail too.
Isabella. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms:
Women! help heaven; men their creation mar
In profiting by them...Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Angelo. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex—
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames—let me be bold;
I do arrest your words....Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none....
If you be one (as you are well expressed
By all external warrants) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.
Isabella. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Angelo. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isabella. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
Angelo. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isabella. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Angelo. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isabella. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose...Seeming, seeming....
I will proclaim thee, Angelo—look for't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Angelo. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny....I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,

Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for...redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance...Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him....[*going*] As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.
[*he leaves her*

Isabella. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it draws....I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution....
Then Isabel live chaste, and brother die;
"More than our brother is our chastity...."
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*she departs*

[3.1.] *The courtyard before the prison*

The disguised DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and the* PROVOST

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:

I 'have hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter....Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still....Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness...Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more....Thou art not thyself,
For thou exists on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust....Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st....Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon...If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee...Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner....Thou hast nor youth
nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both—for all thy blesséd youth
†Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant...What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid mo thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claudio. I humbly thank you....
To sue to live, I find I seek to die—
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Knocking at the gate

A voice without. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company.

Provost. Who's there? [*opens the gate*] come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Isabella enters

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claudio. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isabella. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Provost. And very welcome...Look, signior, here's your sister.

(*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

(*Provost.* As many as you please.

(*Duke.* †Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*the Duke and Provost withdraw*

Claudio. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isabella. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed—
To-morrow you set on.

Claudio. Is there no remedy?

Isabella. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain...
Claudio. But is there any?
Isabella. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claudio. Perpetual durance?
Isabella. Ay, just—perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claudio. But in what nature?
Isabella. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claudio. Let me know the point.
Isabella. O, I do fear thee Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour....Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claudio. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isabella. There spake my brother: there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice....Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances....This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word

†Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth enew,
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claudio. †The prenzie Angelo!
Isabella. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
†In prenzie guards...Dost thou think, Claudio—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed!
Claudio. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isabella. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still....This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claudio. Thou shalt not do't.
Isabella. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claudio. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isabella. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claudio. Yes....Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin—
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isabella. Which is the least?
Claudio. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!
Isabella. What says my brother?
Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella. And shaméd life a hateful.
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warm motion—to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbéd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world...or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible....
The weariest and most loathéd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature—is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isabella. Alas! alas!
Claudio. Sweet sister, let me live....
What sin you do, to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isabella. O, you beast,
O, faithless coward, O, dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair...
For such a warpéd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood....Take my defiance,
Die, perish...Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed....
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claudio. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isabella. O, fie, fie, fie...
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*she turns from him*
Claudio. O hear me, Isabella.

The DUKE *comes forward*

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isabella. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
Isabella. I have no superfluous leisure. My stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.
Duke [*takes Claudio aside*]. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister....Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures....She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true. Therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible. To-morrow you must die—go to your knees, and make ready.
Claudio. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.
Duke. Hold you there: farewell...
[*Claudio goes within; the Provost enters*
Provost, a word with you.
Provost. What's your will, father?
Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me awhile with the maid. My mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.
Provost. In good time. [*he goes within*

Duke [*turns to Isabella*]. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair...The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo...How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isabella. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born....But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo: if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only....Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself....I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isabella. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful... Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isabella. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married: was

affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister... But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry: with both, her combinate-husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isabella. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake: and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isabella. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly...Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place

answer to convenience...This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled....The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt...If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof....What think you of it?

Isabella. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up...Haste you speedily to Angelo—if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction...I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon me—and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isabella. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*she goes out*

[3.2.] *ELBOW enters with officers; POMPEY in custody*

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens, what stuff is here?

Pompey. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox †on lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way, sir...Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father...What offence Hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir...for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live....Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
'From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live'...
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pompey. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his....Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elbow. He must before the deputy, sir—he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
†Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Lucio enters the courtyard

Elbow. His neck will come to your waist—a cord, sir.

Pompey. I spy comfort, I cry, bail...Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i'th' last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good: it is the right of it: it must be so....Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd—an unshunned consequence, it must be so....Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go, say I sent thee thither...For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elbow. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right....Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born....Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey—you will keep the house.

Pompey. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail?

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey—it is not the wear...I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently—why, your mettle is the more...Adieu, trusty Pompey....Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir—come.

Pompey. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now...What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir—come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go...

[*Elbow and the officers hale Pompey off to prison*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to...Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied—but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down....They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him....some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes....But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice—that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative—that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand....He had some feeling of the sport—he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women—he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty... and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish; the duke had crotchets in him....He would be drunk too—that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his...A shy fellow was the duke—and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon: 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation....Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier...Therefore you speak unskilfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak....But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more: or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite...But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again!

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar....But no more of this: canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish...I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency....Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous...The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered—he would never bring them to light: would he were returned....Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing....Farewell, good friar. I prithee, pray for me...The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays....He's †not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so... Farewell. [*he goes*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes....What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Escalus and the Provost, with officers guarding Mistress Overdone, enter the courtyard

Escalus. Go, away with her to prison.

Overdone. Good my lord, be good to me—your honour is accounted a merciful man...good my lord.

Escalus. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Provost. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Overdone. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time—he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escalus. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us....Away with her to prison: [*to Overdone*] go to, no more words....[*the officers drag her away*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation....If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Provost. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for th'entertainment of death.

Escalus. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escalus. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escalus. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it....Novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be †inconstant in any undertaking....There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world...This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news....I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escalus. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escalus. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance....But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escalus. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling....I have

laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty—but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escalus. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you....

Escalus and the Provost enter the prison

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, an virtue go:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing....
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking:
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow....
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To-draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply....
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothéd, but despiséd:
So disguise shall, by th' disguiséd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*he goes*

[4.1.] *The garden of a moated grange: late afternoon*

MARIANA seated, with a page

The boy sings

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes...the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

The disguised DUKE enters the garden

Mariana [*rises*]. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away.
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent....
[*the boy goes within*
I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical....
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm....
I pray you tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mariana. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

ISABELLA approaches

Duke. I do constantly believe you...The time is come, even now....I shall crave your forbearance a little—may

be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mariana. I am always bound to you.

MARIANA goes within

Duke [*to Isabella*]. Very well met, and well come...
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isabella. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planchéd gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads—
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isabella. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isabella. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark,
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up....
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this...What ho, within! come forth!

MARIANA returns

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid—

She comes to do you good.
Isabella. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mariana. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste—
The vaporous night approaches.
Mariana. Will't please you walk aside?
[*they withdraw*
Duke. O place and greatness...millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies....

MARIANA and ISABELLA return

Welcome, how agreed?
Isabella. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isabella. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mariana. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit....Come, let us go;
†Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.
[*they depart*

[4.2.] *The guard-room in the prison: two doors, one opening on the courtyard, the other leading to the prisoners' wards: midnight*

The PROVOST *enters followed by* POMPEY

Provost [*sits*]. Come hither, sirrah; can you cut off a man's head?

Pompey. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Provost. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer....To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pompey. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman...I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Provost [*goes to the door and calls*]. What ho! Abhorson...Where's Abhorson, there?

ABHORSON comes in

Abhorson. Do you call, sir?

Provost. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you—if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhorson. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Provost. Go to, sir, you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*he goes out*

Pompey. Pray, sir, by your good favour...for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look...do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhorson. Ay sir, a mystery.

Pompey. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhorson. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pompey. Proof?

Abhorson. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

The PROVOST *returns*

Provost. Are you agreed?

Pompey. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Provost. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhorson. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Pompey. I do desire to learn, sir: and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare....for, truly sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Provost. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio...

[*Pompey and Abhorson go out*

Th'one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Claudio enters

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal....Where's Barnardine?

Claudio. As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
He will not wake.

Provost. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself.... [*knocking without*
But hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort...
[*Claudio goes within*
More knocking: the Provost rises] By and by!
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.... [*he opens the outer door*

The disguised Duke enters

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost...Who called here of late?

Provost. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Provost. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Provost. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Provost. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous—
But this being so, he's just....Now are they come....

More knocking; the PROVOST *goes within*

This is a gentle provost. Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men...
[*the knocking grows louder*
How now! What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds th'unsisting postern with these strokes.
[*the Provost returns*

Provost. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Provost. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Provost. Happely
You something know: yet I believe there comes
No countermand: no such example have we...
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

A messenger enters

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Messenger [*delivers a letter*]. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge; that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance....Good morrow: for, as I take it, it is almost day. [*he goes*

Provost. I shall obey him. [*he peruses the letter*

(*Duke.* This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority....
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th'offender friended....
[*aloud*] Now, sir, what news?

Provost. I told you...Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on—methinks, strangely...for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost [*reads*]. 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five....Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver....Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in th'afternoon?

Provost. A Bohemian born: but here nursed up and bred—
One that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Provost. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Provost. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?

How seems he to be touched?

Provost. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep—careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Provost. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not....Drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk....We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it—it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon...There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard...Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him.... To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite: for the which you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous, courtesy.

Provost. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Provost. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you.
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,
And his head borne to Angelo.

Provost. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add

to it...Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common....If any thing fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Provost. Pardon me, good father—it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Provost. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Provost. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you....[*takes a paper from his scrip*] Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Provost. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find within these two days he will be here....This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor—perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ....Look, th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd...Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known....Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place....Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you...Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*they go out*

[4.3.] *POMPEY enters*

Pompey. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers....First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger—ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead....Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar....Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master †Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more—all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

ABHORSON comes in

Abhorson. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pompey [*opens the door leading to the prisoners' wards*]. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhorson. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnardine [*from within*]. A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pompey. Your friends, sir—the hangman...You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnardine. Away, you rogue, away. I am sleepy.

Abhorson. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pompey. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhorson. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pompey. He is coming, sir, he is coming...I hear his straw rustle.

BARNARDINE staggers into the room

Abhorson [*to Pompey*]. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pompey. Very ready, sir.

Barnardine [*clapping him on the shoulder*]. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhorson. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnardine. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Pompey. O, the better, sir: for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

The disguised DUKE enters

Abhorson. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnardine. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets...I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnardine. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you...

Barnardine. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward: for thence will not I to-day.

[*he goes*

The PROVOST *enters*

Duke. Unfit to live or die...O, gravel heart!
After him, fellows, bring him to the block.
[*Abhorson and Pompey follow Barnardine*
Provost. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.
Provost. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years: his beard and head
Just of his colour....What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides...
Dispatch it presently, the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo...See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Provost. This shall be done, good father, presently:
But Barnardine must die this afternoon—
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine
And Claudio.
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
†To th'under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Provost. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

The PROVOST *goes out: the* DUKE *sits at a table and writes*

†Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home:
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

The PROVOST *returns*

Provost. Here is the head—I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it...Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Provost. I'll make all speed. [*he goes*
A voice without. Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel....She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected. [*he continues writing*

Isabella opens the door and enters

Isabella. Ho, by your leave!
Duke [*turns*]. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isabella. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isabella. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isabella. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isabella. Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel,
Injurious world, most damnéd Angelo! [*she weeps*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity....
The duke comes home to-morrow: nay, dry your eyes—
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power...If you can, pace
your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isabella. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give –
'Tis he that sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night....Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home....For my poor self,
I am combinéd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent....Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course...Who's here?

Lucio enters

Lucio. Good even...Friar, where's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly....one fruitful meal would set me to't... but they say the duke will be here to-morrow....By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Isabella goes forth*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day....Fare ye well. [*he prepares to go*

Lucio. Nay, tarry I'll go along with thee I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I; but I was fain to forswear it—they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest—Rest you well. [*he opens the door*

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it... Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*he follows the Duke out*

[4.4.] *A room in the house of Lord Angelo*

Angelo and Escalus

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness—pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escalus. I guess not.

Angelo. And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escalus. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Angelo. Well: I beseech you, let it be proclaimed.
Betimes i'th' morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir: fare you well.

Angelo. Good night.... [*Escalus departs*
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings....A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no,
†For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather....He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonoured life
With ransom of such shame...Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right—we would, and we would not.
[*he goes out*

[4.5.] *A consecrated fount, a league below the city*

The DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER

Duke [*giving him papers*]. These letters at fit time
deliver me....
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister...Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me Flavius first.

Friar Peter. It shall be speeded well.
[*he goes*

VARRIUS comes up

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius. Thou hast made
good haste.
Come, we will walk...There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*they walk away*

[4.6.] *A street near the city-gate*

ISABELLA and MARIANA

Isabella. To speak so indirectly I am loath.
I would say the truth—but to accuse him so,
That is your part. Yet I am advised to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana. Be ruled by him.
Isabella. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
Mariana. I would, Friar Peter—
Isabella. O, peace, the friar is come.

Friar PETER *comes up*

Friar Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you...Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entring...therefore hence, away.

[*they hasten away*

[5.1.] *A public place without the city-gates: a crowd of citizens*

**ANGELO *and* ESCALUS, *with the* PROVOST *and officers, ready to receive the* DUKE: LUCIO *hard by:* ISABELLA, MARIANA *veiled, and Friar* PETER *at their post. The* DUKE *approaches with* VARRIUS *and other Lords*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Angelo and Escalus. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both:
We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Angelo. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion...Give me your hand—
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within...Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward*

Friar Peter. Now is your time—speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isabella. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wronged—I would fain have said a maid.
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice—
Reveal yourself to him.
Isabella. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil!
Hear me yourself: for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you...Hear me, O, hear me, here.
Angelo. My lord, her wits I fear me are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut off by course of justice—
Isabella. By course of justice!
Angelo. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isabella. Most strange...but yet most truly will
I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator—
Is it not strange? and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange!
Isabella. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reck'ning.
Duke. Away with her...Poor soul,
She speaks this in th'infirmity of sense.
Isabella. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute...
As Angelo! even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain...Believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad—as I believe no other—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isabella. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason...What would you say?
Isabella. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger—
Lucio [*thrusts forward*]. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isabella. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord—
Nor wished to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then.
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself...pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.
Isabella. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speak before your time....Proceed.
Isabella. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isabella. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again...The matter: proceed.
Isabella. In brief, to set the needless process by...
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied—
For this was of much length—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter....
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him...But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isabella. O, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honour
In hateful practice...First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off...Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isabella. And is this all?
Then, O you blesséd ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and, with ripenéd time
Unfold the evil, which is here wrapt up
In countenance...Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievéd go.

Duke. I know you'ld fain be gone...An officer!
[*an officer arrests her*
To prison with her...Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice;
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isabella. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

At a motion of the DUKE, *the officer and* ISABELLA *withdraw to a distance*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike...Who knows
that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling friar.
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute...Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But, yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Friar Peter [*comes forward*]. Blessed be your
royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused...First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less....
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Friar Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy—
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman:

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously—believe it.
Friar Peter. Well: he in time may come to
clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever...Upon his mere request—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo—came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false: and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented...First, for this woman—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused—
Her shall you hear disprovéd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it...
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools....
Give us some seats—Come, cousin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause....

Attendants bring chairs; the DUKE *sits*
MARIANA stands forth beside Friar PETER

Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mariana. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mariana. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mariana. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mariana. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had
some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mariana. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
And I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord—it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mariana. Now I come to't, my lord....
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

Angelo. Charges she mo than me?

Mariana. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mariana. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Angelo. This is a strange abuse...Let's see thy face.

Mariana. My husband bids me—now I will unmask....

[*she puts off her veil*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vowed contráct,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Angelo. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman—
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promiséd proportions
Came short of composition: but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mariana [*kneels*]. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words
from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife....As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixéd here
A marble monument.
Angelo. I did but smile till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice—
My patience here is touched: I do perceive

These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on....Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke [*rises*]. Ay, with my heart—
And punish them to your height of pleasure....
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone...think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived....
There is another friar that set them on—
Let him be sent for.
Friar Peter. Would he were here, my lord, for
he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint;
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
Duke. Go, do it instantly...
[*the Provost goes*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement; I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you, till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.
Escalus. My lord, we'll do it throughly...

The DUKE *goes: ANGELO and* ESCALUS *sit*

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum'—honest in

nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escalus. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escalus. Call that same Isabel here once again, I would speak with her...Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question. You shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escalus. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess—perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

ISABELLA draws near, in custody of the officer

Escalus. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Escalus [*to Isabella*]. Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

The PROVOST approaches, with the DUKE in his friar's habit

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of—[*points*] Here with the provost.

Escalus. In very good time:
Speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escalus [*to the Duke*]. Come, sir! did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escalus. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honoured for his burning throne....
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
Escalus. The duke's in us: and we will hear
you speak.
Look you speak justly.
Duke. Boldly, at least....But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress...Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too...The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.
Escalus. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar:
Is't not enough thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to th' duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence;
To th' rack with him...We'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know his purpose...What, 'unjust'!
Duke. Be not so hot: the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial...My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escalus. Slander to th' state! Away with him
to prison.

Angelo. What can you vouch against him,
Signior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord...Come hither, goodman bald-pate,
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him—and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Angelo. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escalus. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal... Away with him to prison...Where is the provost? Away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more...Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*the Provost lays hands on the Duke*

Duke. Stay sir, stay awhile.

Angelo. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascal...you must be hooded, must you? [*he seizes the hood*] Show your knave's visage, with

a pox to you...show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour...Will't not off?

He plucks off the friar's hood and discovers the DUKE: *ESCALUS starts up: ANGELO remains seated, stunned*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke....
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three...
[*to Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you
Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.
[*Lucio is arrested*
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke [*to Escalus*]. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you down,
We'll borrow place of him; sir, by your leave...

He sits in Angelo's place

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Angelo. O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes....Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say: wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Angelo. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly....

Do you the office, friar—which consummate,
Return him here again...Go with him, provost.

ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and the PROVOST depart

Escalus. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel—
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising, and holy to your business—
Not changing heart with habit—I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isabella. O give me pardon
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us....
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost...O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isabella. I do, my lord.

ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and the PROVOST return

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour...you must pardon

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death'...
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure...
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies
thee vantage....
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste....
Away with him!
Mariana. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!
Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
†Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.
Mariana. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him—we are definitive.
Mariana. Gentle my liege— [*she kneels*
Duke. You do but lose your labour....
Away with him to death...[*to Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mariana. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come

I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her.
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavéd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mariana. Isabel...
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speak all....
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband....
O, Isabel...will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isabella [*kneels*]. Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity governéd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die...My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died....
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way...Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mariana. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say...
I have bethought me of another fault....
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Provost. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Provost. No, my good lord: it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office.

Give up your keys.

Provost. Pardon me, noble lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not—
Yet did repent me, after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Provost. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio...
Go, fetch him hither—let me look upon him.

[*the Provost goes*

Escalus. I am sorry, one so learnéd and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgement afterward.

Angelo. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure—
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

The PROVOST *returns, with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO *muffled, and* JULIET

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Provost. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man....
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according...Thou'rt condemned—
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come...Friar, advise him,
I leave him to your hand....What muffled fellow's that?

Provost. This is another prisoner that I saved,

Who should have died when Claudio lost his head—
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*he unmuffles Claudio*

Duke [*to Isabella*]. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned—and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that...
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe—
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well....
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon—
[*to Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman...
Wherein have I deservéd so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after....
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
†If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore...Your highness said even now, I made you a duke—good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her....
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal

Remit thy other forfeits...Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping, and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it...
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore....
Joy to you, Mariana—love her, Angelo:
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue....
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness,
There's more behind that is more gratulate....
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy,
We shall employ thee in a worthier place....
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's—
Th'offence pardons itself....Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline...
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

They pass through the gates

THE COPY FOR *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*, 1623

An editor of *Measure for Measure* has only one text to go upon, that of the Folio, and he could wish for a better. In places, not a few, it is 'maimed and deformed' beyond all hope of recovery, while its corruption frequently suggests the carelessness of some hasty transcriber concerned to catch the general sense but scarcely to preserve verbal accuracy. At the same time, it offers problems to the bibliographical detective of quite exceptional interest and complexity. No complete solution of these problems can be offered here, but we shall attempt a provisional survey and hope to throw light upon at least two critical moments in the history of the *Measure for Measure* manuscript.

I. *Abridgment*. The first thing we have to notice is that the received text is full of the usual indications of drastic abridgment. Broken lines and irregularly arranged passages abound in the verse-scenes, while in places, more particularly in 2. 4., the 'cuts' have left the text obscure. Two typical pieces of evidence of another kind may here be glanced at:

(i) Abridgment, as we found in *The Tempest* (p. 79) and *The Two Gentlemen* (p. 81), is likely to affect the *dramatis personae*. The present text provides us with two 'ghosts': a mysterious Justice, who sits silent throughout most of the long scene 2. 1. and is given only ten words to say at the very end, and the equally mysterious Varrius, who suddenly crops up for no ostensible reason in 4. 5. Further, in Juliet we seem to have a character which has got considerably out of focus through abridgment or revision. A few brief speeches are given to her in 2. 3., but she appears nowhere else, except as a mute in 1. 2., where her

presence is awkward, to say the least of it, and again as a mute in 5. 1., where her silence is almost as remarkable as that of Isabella. The problem of Juliet, however, is rather a special one, and is probably connected, as we shall point out in the notes (1. 2. 112; 2. 3. headnote; 5. 1. 473), with the exigencies of the cast.

(ii) Perhaps the most striking indication of adaptation by means of shortening is the Duke's entirely irrelevant speech on 'place and greatness' at 4. 1. 59–64, which, as Warburton acutely observed, really forms part of the speech on 'might and greatness' at 3. 2. 178–81, in particular the line:

> Run with *these* false and most contrarious quests,

being an obvious reference to Lucio's scandalous chatter. Warburton accordingly supposed that 'the players' had transferred the lines from the original position 'without troubling themselves about their pertinency.' To all this Dr Johnson retorted that 'there was a necessity to fill up the time in which the ladies converse apart.' Johnson is right as to the 'necessity,' but assuredly five and a half lines do not 'fill up the time' required for Isabella to tell her tangled tale. We believe Warburton's explanation to be correct. The lines have been carried over from one scene to another in order to cover, however inadequately, a join in the text (cf. p. xxxix).

II. *Expansion.* But the theory of abridgment is quite insufficient to account for all the phenomena of the received text. Side by side with the marks of shortening are indications of the opposite process, that of expansion. A few examples may be given by way of establishing a *prima facie* case.

(i) In dealing with the text of *The Two Gentlemen* we found reasons for supposing that the adapter had expanded the part of Speed, in order to provide 'fat' for a second clown. The part of Lucio in the play

before us seems to have been similarly expanded. It is difficult, for instance, to avoid the conclusion that he is an intruder in 2. 2. and robs the Provost, who is there by right, of most of his lines (v. head-note 2. 2.). It will be observed that in other scenes Lucio speaks now prose, now verse, with no obvious reason for the change, and that in 5. 1. (v. head-note) his prose speeches are generally accompanied with a disturbance in the line-arrangement of the surrounding verse. Lucio is clearly an interesting character, bibliographically, and must be watched.

(ii) As an instance of expansion on a larger scale, we invite attention to the prose of 1. 2. 1–111. Dramatically this prose, which is treated as a separate scene in the Folio, falls into three sections: (*a*) The sorry fooling between Lucio and his two gentlemen, mostly turning upon the unsavoury topic of venereal disease (1–57). In this section there is great confusion in regard to the distribution of parts, and, as Aldis Wright remarks, 'it is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery.' (*b*) A brief dialogue, in much the same style, between Mistress Overdone and the three men (58–79). In the course of this she tells them that Claudio has been arrested 'for getting Madam Julietta with child,' and that he will be beheaded within three days, upon which the First Gentleman comments that her story agrees well 'with the proclamation.' (*c*) The dialogue between Overdone and Pompey (80–111). Here we find not only a different style (v. note 1. 2. 80–111), but that, in spite of what has gone before, Overdone is completely ignorant of the cause of Claudio's arrest and has never even heard of the proclamation! Clearly section (*c*) does not belong to the same stratum of the text as sections (*a*) and (*b*), and was presumably written on a different occasion and possibly by another hand.

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(iii) The foregoing example leads to the consideration of an interesting little clue in 4. 2. Shakespeare, perhaps rightly, has the reputation of being remarkably careless in regard to time-sequence, though we have seen that critics have done less than justice to him in this respect so far as *The Merry Wives* is concerned. The time-sequence, however, of *Measure for Measure* is indefensible (v. pp. 157–9), and its most startling anomaly occurs in 4. 2. The scene opens with prose dialogue, in the course of which the Provost bids Abhorson prepare for the execution of Claudio and Barnardine at 'four o'clock' to-morrow (l. 52). Eight lines from this the scene suddenly changes into verse, and we find the Provost telling Claudio at l. 63 that he is to be executed 'by eight to-morrow.' The slip can only be due to careless revision, for it is inconceivable that so glaring a contradiction, within the space of a dozen lines, can have been perpetrated by a single writer composing the whole scene at one time. Further, the 'four o'clock' is wrong, since that is the 'unusual hour' (cf. 5. 1. 454) of which the Provost knows nothing until Angelo's letter arrives later on in the scene (v. l. 120). Yet this letter is probably the origin of the confusion. We suggest, in short, that the prose opening (1–58) is of later composition than the verse which follows, and that the reviser (with Angelo's stage-letter perhaps before him) has taken 'four o'clock' as the time originally fixed, without noticing Angelo's 'unwonted putting on' (l. 115) of the hour or the Provost's reference to 'eight o'clock' in the unrevised verse-section of the scene.

III. *The two dates.* We have found it convenient to consider the evidence for abridgment and expansion under separate headings; but there is, on the face of it, no reason why these processes should not have been carried out simultaneously. Indeed, other things being equal, we should expect them to go together, since a

reviser desirous of making additions to certain scenes would be almost forced to cut down elsewhere in order to make room for them. With *Measure for Measure*, however, other things are not equal; for, unless we are very much mistaken, the abridgment and expansion belong to distinct revisions, undertaken at some years' interval and possibly by different dramatists.

Hitherto the only fact known for certain about the history of the play is that it was performed at Court, before the recently crowned King James, on Dec. 26, 1604. The evidence for this date is an entry in the Account Books of the Revels Office, and, as the authenticity of this and other entries which go with it, though now accepted by most scholars thanks to the vindication by Mr Ernest Law, was long suspect and has recently been called in question once again, it is a pleasure to be able to bring forward in confirmation a piece of internal evidence previously unnoticed. The following lines occur at 2. 4. 78–81:

> Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
> When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe black Maſques
> Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
> Then beauty could diſplaied.

The word 'en-shield' has puzzled commentators; but they have for the most part been content to read the passage as a general reference to the fashions of the day, and have quoted as a close parallel *Romeo and Juliet*, 1. 1. 236–7:

> Theſe happie maſkes that kis faire Ladies browes,
> Being black, put vs in mind they hide the faire.

Now on Twelfth Night (i.e. Jan. 5), 1605, Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* was given at Court by Queen Anne and eleven of her maids of honour, all wearing black masks. Two extracts, one from Jonson's descriptive preface and the other from the Masque itself, will, we think, leave little doubt in the mind of the reader that

the passage in *Measure for Measure* had some connexion with these proceedings.

> The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that all were seen, but in an extravagant order....The attire of the masquers was alike in all, with but difference: the colours azure and silver...and for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.

This vision of 'an enshelled beauty,' which Jonson ascribes to 'Master Inigo Jones's design and act,' was then saluted by a choir of voices in the following song, part of which reads almost like a paraphrase of the lines in *Measure for Measure*:

> Sound, sound aloud
> The welcome of the orient flood,
> Into the west;
> Fair Niger, son to great Oceanus,
> Now honoured thus,
> With all his beauteous race:
> Who, though but black in face,
> Yet are they bright,
> And full of life and light,
> To prove that beauty best,
> Which, not the colour, but the feature
> Assures unto the creature.

In devising the Masque, Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones were elaborating a hint from the Queen, who had first commanded a 'masque of blackmores.' Shakespeare's allusion, therefore, would be a delicate compliment to her and give expression to the thoughts with which her mind was full, in words which, while perfectly plain to those who would be performing in the Masque ten days later, gave nothing away to those not in the

secret. Shakespeare's own knowledge of the 'invention' could of course have been gleaned from his friend Ben Jonson.

The 'black masques' passage was, therefore, as we hold, written expressly for the performance on St Stephen's Day, 1604; and this being so, we may safely assume that two other passages (1. 1. 67–72; 2. 4. 24–30), which have long been recognised as flattering allusions to James's horror of crowds, were penned for the same occasion. All three passages, however, as we suggest in our notes, were probably additions to an already existing manuscript. In other words, *Measure for Measure* was not composed but only adapted for the Court. Nor is the general character of this adaptation difficult to guess. When Shakespeare in 1611 undertook to prepare *The Tempest* for royal entertainment, his task was mainly one of abridgment; and when, thirteen or fourteen months later, the play was once again given at Court, with the addition of a masque written in honour of the Princess Elizabeth and her betrothed, it was apparently found necessary to cut the text down elsewhere so as to keep the performance to the regulation court length[1]. It is, therefore, only reasonable to suppose that *Measure for Measure* in 1604 was subjected to the same process of abridgment as *The Tempest* in 1611, more especially as we have found the received text to be full of 'cuts.' Yet if 2000 lines, which is approximately the length of *The Tempest*, be taken as the norm for a court play, it is disconcerting to find that *Measure for Measure* runs to over 2700 lines, which is approximately

[1] v. *The Tempest*, p. 82. In our note on the copy for that play we hesitated to accept the evidence for the 1611 performance at Court, since the matter had just been reopened and was still *sub judice*. The loss was ours, for the date, since amply vindicated, would have greatly strengthened our argument.

the length of a play intended for the public theatre. On the other hand, if we suppose that after the performance of 1604 the text was again revised, this time by a process of expansion to fit it once more for the common stage, all difficulties are removed and the presence of the extra 700 lines accounted for. Fortunately, by the aid of another topical allusion, also previously unnoticed, we are able to convert this supposition into a practical certainty.

It will be remembered that we discovered the presence of two textual strata in the 111 lines of prose dialogue which form the first half of 1. 2. Now this dialogue opens with a striking reference to the King of Hungary, which strangely enough has apparently been entirely overlooked by the commentators. The actual words are as follows:

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gentleman. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

There is no mention of this King of Hungary elsewhere in the play, nor is there anything in the plot to throw light upon the passage quoted[1]. Only one thing is clear—that the King of Hungary's 'peace' was something highly undesirable, and most unlike the peace of Heaven. Yet, though this talk bears no relation to anything else in Shakespeare's Vienna, it happens to be entirely relevant to current political events in the Austria of his day. After a war of thirteen years, the Empire concluded peace with the Turks at Zsitva-

[1] The prototype of Shakespeare's 'Duke' in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* was 'Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia' (v. p. viii), but as Lucio expressly distinguishes between the Duke and the King of Hungary, his words cannot be explained as a relic of the old play.

Torok, on Nov. 11, 1606[1]. This peace was signed, against the Emperor's will, by his brother Archduke Matthias, King of Hungary; it was a disgraceful peace, by which 700 villages were said to have passed under Turkish dominion, together with certain fortified towns; it was a peace which was likely to be long remembered against its author, the King of Hungary, by an indignant Christendom. 'Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!'—the words, at once so pointed and so irrelevant, must be a topical allusion; and there can be little hesitation in attaching them to the peace signed at Zsitva-Torok in November, 1606.

Thus, we believe, the text of *Measure for Measure* has come down to us stamped, as it were, with two dates: one in an abridged verse-scene, proving that the play was cut down shortly before Dec. 26, 1604; the other in an expanded prose-scene, proving that the play was lengthened sometime after Nov. 11, 1606[2]. It is conceivable, of course, that there may have been later revisions still before the text reached the hands of the printers. But there is no evidence for such further recension, and the phenomena to which we have already called attention in §§ I and II above, together with those brought out in our notes below, can all be explained on the hypothesis that two revisions, and two only, took place between the autumn of 1604 and the publication of the Folio in 1623.

IV. *The history of the text.* So far we have been treading on what we hope will prove to be firm ground. In now attempting to give some account of the history

[1] v. M. Ritter, *Deutsche Geschichte in Zeitalter d. Gegenreformation u. d. 30 jährg. Krieges*, vol. II, bk V, pt iii (esp. p. 185). We are indebted to the kindness of Sir Adolphus Ward for this reference.

[2] Not necessarily immediately after, since the peace would not soon be forgotten.

of the text and to provide an explanation of certain peculiar features of the copy which eventually reached the hands of the printers, we are less sure of our foothold. But the attempt will at least serve to bring out textual facts which we have not hitherto touched upon, and to that extent should prove of service to future students of the problem.

On St Stephen's Day, 1604, King James and his consort witnessed the performance of an abridged play. What was the condition of *Measure for Measure* before that abridgment? We can feel tolerably sure of two things: (*a*) that it had been acted publicly, in its full-length form, not long before it was seen at Court, since most of the abridged verse-scenes are in Shakespeare's mature style which we do not expect to find in plays written earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century; (*b*) that, since the verse is not all of this character and act 5, in particular, appears in part at least to be metrically older than the rest, there is a possibility that the public play was a revival of an old play only partially revised by Shakespeare. In short, by 1604, the *Measure for Measure* MS may have had already a long history behind it, a history which perhaps stretches back to some early recension of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*.

That Shakespeare took some part in the 1604 abridgment is proved, we think, by the presence of the three compliments to the royal pair, which were certainly written by him. Yet, taking *The Tempest* as a specimen of what he could do in the way of shortening a play, the cuts and other tokens of curtailment in *Measure for Measure* seem altogether too crude for his approval. Consider, for example, the transference of a scrap of verse from 3. 2. to 4. 1. (v. § I (ii) above), which we cannot hesitate to regard as part of the shortening process. Such botchery leaves us wondering whether Shakespeare's share in preparing dramatic copy

for his Majesty's entertainment extended further than scribbling out his three compliments in the margin of the unabridged manuscript and then tossing it across the table to some second-rate collaborator to make out 'parts' therefrom for the shortened performance.

And, if it is difficult to credit Shakespeare with much interest in the 1604 abridgment, it is still more difficult, for us at any rate, to believe that he was in any way concerned with the later expansion. Those who wish to believe so have all the *a priori* arguments on their side. They can quote the oft-cited words from Heminge and Condell's preface, the title-deeds of the Folio. They can point out that in 1606 and for some five years afterwards Shakespeare was still in London and known to be busily writing for the King's Company. But they have at the same time to face the following considerations.

(i) The dialogue which refers to the King of Hungary's peace and therefore, we hold, was certainly written after Nov. 11, 1606, is that between Lucio and the two gentlemen at the beginning of 1. 2. We make no comment on the subject-matter of this conversation; Shakespeare could jest upon 'French crowns' and the like when it suited his purpose. What we stress is its dramatic quality. It is sheer mud, dreary, dead; not even a maggot stirs. Let the reader consider these 57 lines of prose in isolation, and ask himself if Shakespeare could have written them, at any period of his career.

(ii) The prose in other scenes (e.g. 3. 1.; 3. 2.; 4. 2.) is remarkable in a different fashion. 'Might you dispense with your leisure,' says the Duke who has just uttered the wonderful lines on the vanity of life, 'I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit'—for all the world as if he had suddenly changed into Sir Charles Grandison (cf. pp. xxxvii–xxxix). Again, we are constantly arrested

by such phrases as 'let me desire to know' (3. 2. 232), 'let me desire you to make your answer before him' (3. 2. 150), 'I do desire to learn' (4. 2. 55), 'I do make myself believe' (3. 1. 198), 'I am made to understand' (3. 2. 233), 'this I can let you understand' (3. 2. 132). Circumlocutions like these seem absurd in prose; but they would be quite natural in verse, more especially in the blank verse of Shakespeare's later years. Indeed, the verse of this very play provides us with close parallels to the phrases just quoted, e.g. 'I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave/To have free speech with you' (1. 1. 75–6), 'I am put to know' (1. 1. 5), 'I now must make you know' (1. 4. 22), 'I have made him know' (4. 1. 45), and so on. Are we to suppose that Shakespeare, who in 1611 was penning the lithe prose of *The Tempest*, had allowed his prose style in *Measure for Measure* to be temporarily corrupted by a new-found mannerism in verse? Or—that these scenes were produced by a reviser hurriedly working over Shakespearian verse and *translating them into prose*? As the scenes are full of scraps of real verse, the answer to the conundrum should not be difficult. One of the most startling of such scraps is the following beautiful line (4. 2. 199):

> Look, th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd,

which might come from the first act of *Hamlet*, but reads strangely in the middle of a stilted prose speech by the friar-duke.

(iii) It is certain that the copy which reached the printers of the Folio was not Shakespeare's manuscript, since even in scenes which are beyond doubt of his composition, albeit cut down, the verse has been transcribed and the lines rearranged. Take for instance 1. 4. 71–6, which is thus printed in the Folio:

> 'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
> *Ifa.* Doth he ſo,
> Seeke his life?

Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to do him good.
Luc. Aſſay the powre you haue.

The line-arrangement is, of course, impossible; and Capell, followed by all modern editors, has reformed it altogether, leaving however perforce a broken line at the beginning of the passage. Yet there is method in this seeming madness, seeing that the object of the arrangement was obviously to get the passage into *lines of ten syllables*. Someone, in fact, with very elementary ideas of verse has tinkered with the text where a cut occurred and attempted to recast it in the blank-verse pattern. This someone must, we feel sure, be a person who worked over the play in manuscript, since compositors do not do these things. Similar decasyllabic line-arrangement is to be found at 1. 2. 137–40; 4. 1. 34–6; 4. 3. 117–18, 149; 5. 1. 183–4, 253–5, 303–8 (v. notes); and it is highly significant that all but two of these passages are connected with Lucio's speeches.

(iv) In contrast with this ill-judged care, there is evidence that the verse in some scenes has been very hastily transcribed. As we have pointed out, the Folio text is frequently very corrupt, and its corruption is of such a nature as can only be satisfactorily explained by careless copying. We find, for instance, in 1. 3., a short scene of 54 lines, no less than five serious textual imperfections, a state of affairs for which no reputable compositor can be held solely responsible. Indeed, the condition of the text as a whole is markedly different from that which we are accustomed to in the Good Quartos. The instruments of our ordinary critical apparatus seem to turn in our hands; the *ductus litterarum*, in particular, affords little help; everywhere we feel conscious of some alien element, intervening

between Shakespeare's original and the printed text. The significant fact, however, for our immediate purpose is that the corruption is almost wholly confined to the verse sections of the play. In the present edition 36 obelisks are used, only 5 of which concern the prose. All this would be natural enough if the bulk of the verse had been copied out by the writer who himself composed the bulk of the prose.

There is then at least a presumption that the Folio text of *Measure for Measure* contains additions by a post-Shakespearian reviser. Is it possible to go further, and to indicate with some pretence to exactitude where this alien element is to be looked for in the play? We believe it is; and as such an analysis would perhaps inspire increased confidence in our theory of a composite text, it seems worth while setting down here the broad lines upon which the enquiry might proceed.

We argued above, on *a priori* grounds, that the play as we have it is some 700 lines longer than it was at the time of the abridgment. Since, however, allowance must be made for an unknown quantity of Shakespearian verse which the reviser translated into prose and presumably expanded in the process, we have to reckon with more than 700 lines for the reviser and less than 2000 for Shakespeare. The exact total of lines in the present edition is 2705. Of these 1604 are in blank verse, and no one we think will be inclined to doubt that all this, whether its style be early or late, is from Shakespeare's hand. The rest of the verse, 66 lines, is in rhyme—an unusually large proportion, it will be admitted, for a 'late' play. Some 20 of these couplets are of the 'dismissal' order, rounding off a scene or episode in the normal Shakespearian manner. Another 22 consist of the clumsy octosyllabic lines at the end of 3. 2., and we are only following previous critics in registering our belief that these are not Shakespeare's. The remaining 24 couplets we also ascribe to

the reviser, for two reasons: (*a*) their close resemblance in stiffness and obscurity to the octosyllabic lines, and (*b*) the significant fact that a number of them (i.e. 4. 1. 12–15; 4. 2. 60–1, 107–12)[1] occur at the junction of blank verse and prose passages and would, therefore, seem to be organically connected with the prose revision. Turning to the prose itself, we have already shown above that ll. 1. 2. 80–111 were almost certainly present in the text before the final recension, and we infer from this not only that they are Shakespeare's but that the abridged play probably contained other prose scenes by him. Nor, we imagine, will any reader be disposed to deny the full Shakespearian flavour to 2. 1. 41–187 (the Elbow-Pompey scene) and 4. 3. 1–61 (the Barnardine scene). We stop short at l. 187 in 2. 1. because, to our thinking at least, there is a falling off in tone later, and because, as it happens, this point makes a convenient close to the scene (v. note 2. 1. 180–7).

So far then we have arrived at the following totals for Shakespeare: blank verse 1604 + couplets 20 + prose 241[2] = 1865. Now 1865 is 135 lines short of the 2000 which we took as the approximate length of the abridged text, and 135 is none too large an allowance for the verse worked up by the reviser into prose scenes, which amount in all, as we shall find, to 430 lines. We seem, therefore, to have collected as much Shakespearian material as we require. And if so, what is left over, i.e. 46 couplets and 794 lines of prose, should belong to the reviser.

Without pressing the argument from style, we think

[1] We find 12 more reviser's couplets at 2. 1. 37–40, 250–1, 277–8; 3. 2. 38–9; 4. 2. 85–6. It is noteworthy that with the exception of 2. 1. 250–1, which forms part of a prose addition, all these 24 couplets are unnecessary to the action and could be omitted without loss to the text.

[2] Excluding verse-scraps and including 7 lines for Angelo's letter in 4. 2.

it will be agreed that these 794 lines of prose contain nothing markedly Shakespearian, while a further analysis makes it practically certain that their presence in the text was due to revision. First we have 108 lines of incidental prose, i.e. little prose-patches embedded in verse-dialogue; and it is a remarkable fact that all but 20 of these lines are connected with the reviser's favourite character, Lucio. Secondly we have 430 lines of that strange prose, full of circumlocutions and verse-scraps, which we regard as the reviser's attempt to expand 135 lines of Shakespearian verse to more than three times their original length. This class comprises 3. 1. 151–267, all the prose in 3. 2., and all the prose from l. 100 onwards in 4. 2., with the exception of Angelo's letter. Thirdly there are 256 lines of what we may call pure additions, i.e. 1. 2. 1–79; 2. 1. 188–280; 4. 2. 1–58; 4. 3. 149–177. The first three of these passages contain nothing of essential importance to the plot of the play, which would indeed gain in dignity and lose nothing in substance by their omission. The other passage, 29 lines at the end of 4. 3., introduces matter which is referred to later in 5. 1. Possibly, therefore, it possessed some Shakespearian basis and should be grouped with the second class.

Such an analysis may seem speculative, but it at least presents a consistent and comprehensive explanation of the highly complicated textual phenomena.

One point more must be touched upon. Beyond the necessary entries and exits, which are often lacking, the Folio text contains no stage-directions of any kind, except at the beginning of acts 4 and 5[1]. There is not a hint of costume, e.g. it is always 'Enter Duke,' never 'Enter Duke disguised'; hardly one of those little touches which, in a good text, so frequently suggest the author's hand, or at least prompt-copy with a history. In other

[1] v. Notes, p. 116.

words, the text closely resembles that of *The Two Gentlemen* and *The Merry Wives*, except that the exits are more numerous and the entries are not grouped together at the head of the scenes. Presumably the manuscript which the printers handled in 1623 was prompt-copy of a kind; but, if so, it was prompt-copy made up, seemingly, in places at least if not entirely, of players' parts. Now, if we imagine that the abridgment of 1604 was made from the existing players' parts and not on Shakespeare's MS, that this original unabridged MS was afterwards lost, and that the prose adapter, therefore, constructed his text from the players' parts of 1604, hastily transcribing them and filling out the play with additions of his own, we are making a not unreasonable guess as to the origin of the actual copy used for the printing of *Measure for Measure* as we now have it.

D. W.

NOTES

All significant departures from the Folio are recorded; the name of the critic who first suggested a reading being placed in brackets. Illustrative spellings and misprints are quoted from the Good Quarto texts or from the Folio where no Good Quarto exists. The line-numeration for reference to plays not yet issued in this edition is that used in Bartlett's *Concordance*.

F., unless otherwise specified, stands for the First Folio; T.I. and Facs.=the Textual Introduction and the Facsimile of a passage from the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*, both to be found in the *Tempest* volume; N.E.D.=*The New English Dictionary*; Sh.Eng.=*Shakespeare's England*; S.D.=Stage-direction; G.=Glossary.

Characters in the Play. Based upon 'The Names of all the Actors' at the end of the F. text. Note: (i) Vincentio is a name nowhere found in the text itself; (ii) A Justice and Varrius (v. p. 97 and notes 2. 1. head; 4. 3. 92; 4. 5. 11) appear in the text but not in the F. list; (iii) Dr Johnson writes: 'This play has two friars [i.e. Thomas and Peter], either of whom would have served....The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue.' Possibly the duplication was necessitated by the exigencies of the cast; (iv) the F. list does not mention Pompey's name, merely designating him as 'Clowne,' cf. note 2. 1. 209–14; (v) Francisca has only nine lines to say, and her name is not mentioned in the dialogue, though it appears at the head of 1. 4.; (vi) Juliet is called 'Julietta' at 1. 2. 71, 142 and 5. 1. 473 (S.D. Folio), but 'Juliet' elsewhere.

It would seem that the F. list, whencesoever derived, relates to a form of the play different from that which has come down to us.

Acts and Scenes. F. divides throughout, but is not always followed by mod. edd. The scene-divisions are clearly 'theatrical' and are taken, we believe, from the 'plot' (v. T.I. § 3 and notes 1. 2. 112; 3. 2. head). In our text we have avoided making any change of scene except where one is clearly needed.

Punctuation. It has been necessary to make but few serious emendations in the pointing, all of which have been recorded. Occasionally colons and semicolons have been interchanged, or a note of exclamation substituted for a colon, without comment. The punctuation of the verse is noticeably more delicate and careful than that of the prose; emendations affecting the sense all occur in the prose scenes, most of them in 3. 2.

Stage-directions. F. reads 'Enter Mariana, and Boy ſinging' at head of 4. 1. and 'Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores' at the head of 5. 1., but no other S.D., save the necessary entries and exits for the characters, which are deficient or confused in places (v. pp. 112–13). All F. stage-directions are given in the notes.

1. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.' The important business of this scene involves the presence of the Duke's 'Privy Council.'

1. The play opens with an abruptness quite unusual with Shakespeare, and it is still more unusual for him to begin his first scene with a broken line of verse. It is strange also that the Duke vouchsafes no reason for his sudden departure from Vienna. Yet we learn from Lucio (1. 4. 50–5) that such reasons had been given, albeit 'of an infinite distance from his true-meant design' (cf. 1. 3. 14–16). It seems natural to suppose, therefore, that these 'givings-out' were uttered at the beginning of 1. 1. in its unabridged form and that the

received text only preserves for us the second half of the scene.

5. *put to know* Cf. *Cym.* 2. 3. 110, 'You put me to forget a lady's manners.'

8. *sufficiency, as* Edd. are unable to explain, and suppose something lost between 'sufficiency' and 'as.' It was perhaps necessary to 'cut' a reference to previously deleted matter (W. W. Greg, privately). v. G. 'sufficiency,' 'worth,' 'able.'

10. *city's institutions* F. prints this with initial capitals and in italics.

16. *bear?* F. 'beare.'

17. *with special soul* Cf. 'with so full soul,' *Temp.* 3. 1. 44.

24. S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo.'

31. *virtues,* F. 'vertues;'

32–5. *Heaven...had them not* Clearly suggested by *Matth.* v. 14–16. Note especially 'Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel,' etc.

38–40. *she determines...both thanks and use* Malone explains: 'She requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy—thanks for the endowments she had bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she has thus favoured, by way of interest (use).'

41. *that can my part in him advértise* v. G. 'advertise.'

42. *Hold therefore, Angelo* broken line, and a 'cut' has seemingly left the intention obscure. Some edd. explain 'Keep true to the principles I have just enunciated,' but it seems simpler to take it, with Hanmer and Steevens, as the first proffer of the commission. Angelo's hesitancy is underlined by Shakespeare.

46. *first in question* 'first called for; first appointed' (Johnson).

48–50. *Let there be...stamped upon it.* Cf. 2. 4. 45–9 and *Temp.* 1. 2. 100–5 (note). Angelo is quibbling upon 'metal,' which some edd. read.

51. *leavened and preparéd choice* v. G.

62. broken line.

67–72. *I'll privily away...affect it* Cf. 2. 4. 24–30 'So play the foolish throngs...needs appear offence.' James I's dislike of crowds is a historic fact, and it has been generally agreed that Shakespeare is here flattering the king's weakness, a weakness with which he himself is likely to have had some sympathy (cf. *Son.* 110, 111; *Cor.* 4. 6. 128–32). If there be any doubt upon the matter it should be laid to rest by the following considerations: (i) The inconvenience of 'foolish throngs' is twice insisted upon in this play, which is now known to have been given before James himself. (ii) The reference to 'the general, subject to a well-wished king' (2. 4. 27) is pointed enough; James published an inhibition against the crowds who came to wish him well on his journey to London in 1603 (v. *A True Narration*, 1603, quoted by Steevens). (iii) It seems probable that both passages were *additions*, written expressly for the Court performance of 1604. That at 2. 4. 24–30 (v. note) is almost certainly so, while it should be noticed that the lines at present under consideration involve a double leave-taking on the part of the Duke, the second one being a broken line of verse.

75, 80. broken lines.

75. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

83. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

1. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.'

1–5. *If the duke...the King of Hungary's* v. pp. 104–5. Possibly Lucio's remark about the duke 'with the other dukes' coming to composition with the King of Hungary refers to other political events in the Empire, though we have not been able to trace them. There are, however, hints in the text of some kind of war on foot, v. notes 1. 2. 80; 1. 4. 51–2.

16. *petition* etc. v. G.

23. *In any proportion* etc. This speech would seem to belong, not to Lucio, but to Second Gentleman, who is accused of gracelessness; but v. p. 99.

36. *feelingly* v. G.

41. *done myself wrong* i.e. given myself away.

44. S.D. F. 'Enter Bawde.'

46. *I have purchased* etc. Pope and most edd. give this to First Gentleman, since he is the person supposed to be 'tainted,' though he flatly denies it in ll. 53–4. Halliwell followed the F. distribution but read 'He has' for 'I have,' which at least makes sense. v. p. 99.

60–1. *one yonder...carried to prison* The expression is almost repeated verbatim by Pompey at l. 84 (v. note), whence perhaps the reviser took it.

79. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

80–111. *Thus, what with the war* etc. v. p. 99. The style of this section is markedly different from that which goes before. The dialogue seems suddenly to come alive, and passages like 'groping for trouts in a peculiar river,' 'but that a wise burgher put in for them' and 'you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered' possess the very hall-mark of Shakespeare's quality, for which we look in vain in the preceding talk between Lucio and his two gentlemen.

80. *the war* What war? (cf. note 1. 4. 51–2).

82. S.D. F. 'Enter Clowne,' after 'what's the news with you?'

84–92. *Yonder man...proclamation, man?* v. p. 99. 'Yonder man' is curious, since Claudio has not yet appeared. Possibly Shakespeare placed this dialogue after the verse which now follows it.

90. *with maid* v. G. 'maid.'

108–11. *What's to do here* etc. This manner of taking them 'off' is odd. Why do they not stay and see

those in whom they take such interest? The speeches are necessary to make the audience aware of the names of Claudio, Juliet and the Provost, whom they have not yet seen; but they are altogether a queer introduction and quite unlike Shakespeare's usual felicity of stagecraft. We suggest that they may be a link-passage written by the prose reviser. v. p. 99.

111. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

112. S.D. F. 'Enter Prouoſt, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.'

112 et seq. This third section of 1. 2. has noteworthy features: (i) Despite Pompey's announcement ll. 110–11, F. begins a new scene here. The division corresponds with an *exeunt omnes* line across the 'plot' (v. T.I. p. xxxvii); but the F. scene-heading here may be a relic of the unrevised text, cf. notes ll. 84–92, 108–11. (ii) It is Lucio's turn now to appear ignorant of the circumstances of Claudio's arrest, though he has been fully informed at ll. 60–71 above. v. p. 99. (iii) The sudden change to verse after the prose of the preceding sections is significant. But Lucio still speaks prose occasionally, while the fact that his speeches sometimes fit in with Claudio's verse and sometimes do not suggests that his 'part' has undergone revision. N.B. the prose-patch, ll. 182–7, has verse-scraps at the beginning and end. v. pp. 98–9. (iv) The 'two gentlemen' say nothing in this section, and are not wanted; they are a mere carry-over from the first section. Juliet also is mute; yet it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare gave her nothing to say at her first appearance on the stage in his original draft of the play (v. pp. 97–8 and head-note 2. 3.). It is still more difficult to believe that he intended her to be 'on' during the conversation between Lucio and Claudio, though the F. gives her no exit. To say nothing of the rest, Claudio's 'You know the lady' (143) and Lucio's 'With child, perhaps' (152) make it practically certain that she was not present.

We have therefore followed a suggestion by Ritson and given her an exit at l. 119.

117–19. *Make us pay...'tis just* An insoluble crux. Henley pointed out that 'the words of heaven' referred to are *Romans* ix. 15, 18, 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy...and whom he will he hardeneth.' Johnson suspected that a line was lost; more probably the 1604 abridger has crudely cut out a passage of some length, perhaps part of a speech by Juliet. N.B. ll. 116–17 are complete in themselves, while the resignation of ll. 118–19 is ill-suited with Claudio's fierce temper at this point.

121. *liberty:* F. 'Liberty'

130. *morality* (Rowe, followed by all edd. except Hart) F. 'mortality'

137–40. F. divides '*Pro.* Away...goe. *Cla.* One word, good friend:/Lucio, a word with you. *Luc.* A hundred:/If they'll...look'd after.' This shows us the finger-counting transcriber at work, and perforce breaking down in the last line. v. pp. 108–9.

143. *fast my wife* v. G.

146. *propagation* F. 'propogation' Almost certainly corrupt, v. G. Malone conj. 'prorogation'; Jackson 'procuration.' We suggest 'propriation' (sp. propryation) as more in conformity with the *ductus litterarum.*

154. *fault and glimpse of newness* 'Glimpse' = flash, v. G. 'fault and' is explained by Malone as 'faulty' or 'misleading.' Sir Ed. Maunde Thompson (privately) suggests that 'foill' has been misread as 'falt'—an *a*:*o* error, v. T.I. p. xlii. This is attractive, since 'foil' = mirror, which would give us a picture of Angelo looking at himself in the glass in his new Deputy-costume. Cf. 'dressings,' 5. 1. 56, and Ben Jonson, *Staple of News*, 5. 1, 'I now begin to see my vanity/Shine in this Glasse, reflected by the foile!'

158. *command,* F. 'command;'

168. *thy head* There seems no point in connecting Claudio's head with the milk-maid.

179. *prone* Not satisfactorily explained, and probably corrupt. v. G. Johnson suggested 'prompt,' which in the seventeenth century spelling 'promt' might be misread as 'prone'; *e* and *t* are several times confused in the Qq., e.g. 'about' for 'aboue' (*Ham.* 2. 2. 126).

182–7. *I pray she may...I'll to her* F. prints this continuously as prose, but the four words at the beginning and the three at the end fit in with Claudio's verse. v. pp. 99, 109, and note l. 112 et seq. above.

184. *imposition*, F. 'impoſition:'

188. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

1. 3.

This brief scene of 54 lines teems with errors and textual difficulties, most of which we can only attribute to careless transcription.

S.D. F. 'Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.' Rowe and mod. edd. head the scene 'A monastery.' Capell reads 'A Cell.' Cf. 'Patrick's cell,' *Two Gent.* 4. 3. 43, 'Friar Laurence's cell,' *Rom.* 2. 4. 193.

10. *cost a witless* (Nicholson) F. 'coſt, witleſſe' F2 (which most edd. follow) 'cost, and witless'

18. broken line.

20. *wills* (S. Walker) F. 'weedes' which is impossible. Theobald reads 'steeds,' which most edd. follow. 'Wills' makes better sense and at least begins with a *w*.

21. *fourteen* The number is 'nineteen' at 1. 2. 164; but the discrepancy may well be Shakespeare's.

sleep (D'Avenant and Theobald) F. 'slip' Cf. the converse error, *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 324 (note).

27. *More mocked* (F) D'Avenant and Pope, followed by all mod. edd., read 'Becomes more mocked' in order to complete the sense and the verse. We are probably dealing with a 'cut' here.

37. *For what* etc. The repetition of 'for,' together with the metre, suggests tampering in this line.

42–3. *And yet my...slander* (Hanmer) F. 'And yet, my nature neuer in the fight/To do in ſlander:' Malone noted that 'fight' is supported by the words 'ambush' and 'strike'; but they may, on the other hand, have themselves been the cause of the error.

47. *bear me* (Capell) F. 'beare' W. W. Greg (privately) suggests that the lost 'me' has got wrongly tacked on to l. 46, where it is not needed.

54. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

1. 4.

This scene seems to have been much abridged: (i) The nun, who is dignified with a name in the S.D., has only nine lines to say, and does not appear elsewhere in the text; (ii) the scene contains no less than eight broken lines, viz. 2, 26, 29, 37, 46, 71, 83, 85, together with some irregular lining; (iii) the opening is abrupt, and ll. 1–5 look like a makeshift beginning, ll. 2 and 3 being especially clumsy. It should be noted that Lucio speaks verse throughout the scene. v. p. 99.

S.D. F. 'Enter Iſabella and Franciſca a Nun.'

5. *Knocking at the gate* (S.D.) F. reads 'Lucio within'

6. *A voice without* F. 'Luc.'

14–15. F. gives neither exit for the nun nor entry for Lucio.

25. *you*— F. 'you;'

30. *story* v. G.

It is true; (Steevens) F. ''Tis true;' printing the words with l. 31.

33. *heart*— F. 'heart:'

39. *truth,* F. 'truth;'

51–2. *Bore many...hope of action* Another hint that warlike proceedings are on foot. Cf. note 1. 2. 80.

54. *His givings-out* (Rowe) F. 'giuing-out' v. note 1. 1. 1.

61. *mind,* F. 'minde:'
71–6. *'Twixt you and your poor brother* etc. v.p. 108.
78. *make* (Rowe) F. 'makes'
90. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

2. 1.

There are several interesting features about this scene: (i) It is headed by F. 'Enter Angelo, Efcalus, and ſeruants, Iuſtice,' whence it would seem that the Justice was added as an afterthought by someone who had not at first observed his presence in the scene. This is not surprising, since the mysterious Justice does not appear to belong by rights to the scene at all; he suddenly crops up at the very end, speaks ten words, and goes out with Escalus to dinner. Possibly he played a more dignified part in some earlier form of the text, was intended to be cut out, but his final dialogue with Escalus remained on the prompt-copy by inadvertence. N.B. He is not mentioned in 'The Names of all the Actors,' and possibly therefore not in the 'plot,' cf. p. 97, and note on ll. 270–80 below. (ii) The Provost, who should be on at the beginning, is given an entry by F. at l. 31. This is patently a playhouse S.D. (cf. *Ham.* 1. 2. 26 in F. and Q2 versions). (iii) Prose and verse are mixed in most haphazard fashion, e.g. ll. 1–40 verse; ll. 41–269 prose, with isolated patches or scraps of verse (i.e. 45, 56, 129–33, 141); ll. 270–80 verse fragments. The whole scene would appear to have been drastically revised, partly no doubt by Shakespeare.

7. *father.* F. 'father,' The comma, followed by a broken line, is suggestive of a 'cut.' Claudio's father is referred to again at 3. 1. 85, 140–2.
8. broken line.
12. *your blood* (Rowe) F. 'our blood'
16. broken line.
22. *who knows* F. 'What knowes' Rowe altered 'knowes' to 'know' and left a crux over which all

editors have since puzzled. But the F. 'what' may very easily have been caught by the compositor's eye from 'what's open' immediately above. Of the two emendations, ours seems quite as plausible as the other and possesses the further virtue that it makes sense.

31. The F. reads 'Enter Prouoſt' after this line, v. head-note above.

34. *by nine to-morrow morning* v. pp. 157–9.

36. F. gives no exit for Provost.

37–40. *Well...a fault alone* We ascribe these couplets to the reviser (v. p. 111 *n.*). They do not assist the action.

38. *Some rise* etc. F. prints this in italics, as if it were a quotation.

39. *brakes of ice* Rowe, followed by Malone and most mod. edd., reads 'vice' for 'ice' and there are other conjectures. We see no sufficient reason for altering the F. text. In 'Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall' Escalus appears to be contrasting the fate of Christ with that of Satan and in the line following still has Satan in mind. 'Brakes of ice' belong to the same hell as the 'thrilling region of thick-ribbéd ice' (3. 1. 122). A 'brake' was a sort of cage, and, as N.E.D. quotes two references to 'the Devil's brake,' such a cage was perhaps a familiar piece of furniture in the miracle-plays (v. N.E.D. 'brake' sb.[6]).

40. S.D. F. 'Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.'

57–8. *Go to* etc. F. prints this as verse, dividing 'Go...name?/Why...Elbow?'

66. *wife, sir,* F. 'wife Sir?'

87. *stewed prunes* F. 'ſtewd prewyns' v. G.

114. *your honour...yet* Pompey takes Escalus' 'done' of the previous line in the indelicate sense found at 1. 2. 85 and in the name of the bawd.

123. *lower chair* v. G.

133. S.D. F. reads 'Exit' after l. 132.

144. *face* Master Froth's face, if akin to that of

Bardolph, would be an important element in the fun of this dialogue.

167. *Justice or Iniquity?* i.e. Elbow or Pompey, with a side-glance at the figures in the morality plays.

170. *Hannibal* v. G.

180–7. *Truly, officer...to continue* N.B. These speeches would make a natural close to the scene. Elbow never 'misplaces' after l. 187, and the fun in the rest of the scene seems very tame. v. p. 111.

197. *Overdone by the last* Cf. note l. 114.

200–1. *draw...hang* Escalus is quibbling of course upon 'hang, draw and quarter,' but the point of 'hang' as applied to 'froth' is not clear. 'Frothing' can hardly have been a hanging offence in tapsters; cf. *M.W.W.* 'froth and lime,' G.

205. *drawn in* v. G.

207. S.D. F. gives Froth no exit.

209–14. This crude Pompey Bum jest seems unworthy of Shakespeare. N.B. (i) the jest links this part of the scene with another passage of reviser's prose, v. note 3. 2. 43–4 and p. 112. (ii) Pompey is designated simply 'Clowne' in 'The Names of all the Actors' and in all the F. speech-headings, while his name appears to be Thomas at 1. 2. 108.

215. *Pompey*— F. 'Pompey;'

232. *There is* (F) F2 'There are'—which all mod. edd. read.

235. *together*, F. 'together;'

250–1. F. prints this couplet as prose.

251. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

256. *your readiness* (Pope) F. 'the readineſſe'

269. S.D. F. gives no exit.

270–80. *What's o'clock* etc. v. head-note (i). These verse-scraps are curious and look like the remains of a verse-scene, abridged.

280. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

2. 2.

The 'part' of Lucio in this scene is textually of interest. Note: (i) that many of his speeches are extra-metrical, i.e. ll. 56, 111, 125–6, 130, 133, 149, 157. Leave out any of these lines and the context flows straight on; the most striking instance perhaps being l. 111 'That's well said' which breaks into the middle of one of Isabella's lines and thus throws the metre out completely; (ii) that those of his speeches which fit into the metrical scheme might equally well have been spoken by the Provost, whose presence in the scene, as it stands, is dramatically superfluous and who is only given two half-lines to say after Lucio's entry. There can be little doubt that 'Lucio' is here an addition to the original text. v. pp. 98–9.

S.D. F. 'Enter Prouost, Seruant.'

2, 17, 22. S.D. F. gives neither exits nor re-entry for servant.

6. S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo.'

25. S.D. F. 'Enter Lucio and Iſabella.'

Saue F. ''*Saue*' possibly for 'God save' which Aldis Wright reads.

26. *Stay a little* Angelo has just given the Provost strict injunctions that Claudio is to die 'to-morrow' (i.e. at nine, v. 2. 1. 34); he repeats his decision to Isabella at l. 82; yet, though at the end of the scene he is clearly prepared to postpone the execution until after his second interview with Isabella 'at any time 'fore-noon' to-morrow, he gives no orders to this effect. We suggest that the presence of the Provost in this scene may have been originally required in order that these commands should be given, and that Angelo's speech to that effect was thrown overboard at the time of the abridgment. Cf. note ll. 156–61 below.

35. *let it be his fault* etc., i.e. let the fault die and not my brother.

47. *To him, I say* broken line; possibly added by the prose reviser.

55. *to him!* F. 'to him?' F. question-marks often stand for notes of exclamation, and the passage reads more forcibly as an assertion than as a query.

58. *call it in again* F. 'call it againe' F2, which all edd. follow here, 'call it back againe' We read 'in' as being more likely to have been overlooked (coming as it does after 'it') than a word like 'back.'

59. *'longs* (Theobald) F. 'longs'

60. *crown...* F. 'Crowne;' The pause before 'nor the deputed sword' (Angelo's) is dramatic.

63. broken line, printed with l. 64 in F.

79. *Like man new made* v. G. 'new made.'

80. *condemns* (Rowe) F. 'condemne'

83–4. *To-morrow...spare him.* F. prints in two half-lines, and we follow. This device is not uncommon in Shakespearian texts, and appears to denote great deliberation, slowness or solemnity of delivery. Isabella is not excited, so much as appalled, at the peril for her brother's soul. The string of exclamation-marks with which mod. edd. decorate the line is quite misleading. Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

91. *slept.* F. 'flept' Perhaps a colon got crowded out at the end of a long line.

93. *If that the first* (Craig) F. 'If the firſt' Many emendations; Craig's seems the best, since a 'that' between two others might readily be omitted.

97. *Either now* The favourite emendation, which Craig reads, is 'either new' (Dyce); but 'new' is weak and harsh before 'new-conceived,' while the line still halts. The error seems to be in 'either,' which should be a monosyllable. We suggest that Shakespeare wrote *egges*, which became 'eyther' at the hands of the careless transcriber. There are two tailed letters in each word. This would give us:

> Eggs now, or by remissness new-conceived,
> And so in progress to be *hatched* and born—

which makes good sense and restores the metre.

100. *But, ere they live* (Hanmer) F. 'But here they live' Most edd. follow Hanmer, though some agree with Malone who reads 'where.' 'Yer' was a common sixteenth century sp. of 'ere,' and *h* if badly formed might be confused with *y* (v. previous note and cf. 'histy' for 'yesty' *Ham.* 5. 2. 199).

112. *ne'er* (F2) F. 'neuer'

114–15. *Would use...Merciful heaven* We follow F. arrangement. Possibly a 'cut' occurred here.

117. *Splits* Shakespearian 2nd pers. sing. Cf. note 3. 1. 20 and *Temp.* 1. 2. 334 (note).

118. *soft myrtle* v. G. 'myrtle.'

121. *glassy essence* v. G. 'essence.'

123. *make* (Steevens) F. 'makes'

123–4. *spleens...mortal* v. G. 'spleens.' 'Laugh mortal' = laugh themselves to death, like human beings (Hart).

127. *We cannot* etc., i.e. We do not (as we ought) put ourselves in our brother's place. Cf. 5. 1. 109–10.

142–3. *Against* etc. We follow F. arrangement. L. 142 is long, but not impossibly so, divided between two characters. Perhaps a 'cut' occurred in l. 143, after 'breeds with it'; if so it might account for the broken line, 144.

144, 147. broken lines.

150. *sicles* F. 'Sickles' i.e. shekels. We follow Aldis Wright and adopt the spelling of the Bishops' Bible in order to preserve the old form and to avoid confusion with the agricultural implement.

151. *rates* (Johnson) F. 'rate'

156–61. *To nothing temporal...'fore-noon* We follow F. arrangement. Some edd. have attempted to re-order the lines, without success. The text seems to have been cut about at this point. Cf. note l. 26 above.

160. *Where prayers cross* They do so again at l. 162.

162. F. gives no 'exit' for Isabella, etc.

165. *Ha!* F. prints this at the end of l. 164. Pope

omitted it as actor's gag. Steevens writes 'This tragedy "Ha!" (which clogs the metre) was certainly thrown in by the player-editors.' Hart, most conservative of mod. edd., comments 'I should like to throw it out.' Placed at the beginning of l. 165 it seems to read naturally and well.

168. *virtuous season* v. G. 'season.'

172. *evils* Cf. *Hen. VIII*, 2. 1. 66–7, 'Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,/Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.' Steevens and Malone interpret 'evils' as 'privies.' N.E.D. does not support this and suggests 'hovels.' It is conceivable that 'hovels' might be misprinted as 'evils,' even twice over, but only if the word in the copy were spelt 'ovels' or 'ovils'; and there is no evidence for such a spelling. The 'privy' interpretation may be right and is certainly most forcible. It has a scriptural parallel in 2 *Kings* x. 27.

187. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

2. 3.

This scene, mainly concerned with Juliet, is the only one in the play in which she has anything to say. Her 'part,' we have suggested on pp. 97–8, was probably drastically cut down in the abridgment. If so, why was she not cut out altogether? The answer seems to be that this would have involved removing the present scene, which was needed as an interval-scene between Isabella's two interviews with Angelo. On the other hand, the necessity of retaining so small a speaking-part would be irksome from the casting point of view, unless the boy who played Juliet could conveniently take other parts also. We think it possible, therefore, that Juliet, Francisca (1. 4.), and Mariana were all taken by the same actor, and that this circumstance accounts for Juliet's silence (and perhaps Isabella's also) at the end of act 5, v. note 5. 1. 473.

For the 'time' of this scene v. p. 158. Note the number of broken lines, suggesting abridgment.

S.D. F. 'Enter Duke and Prouoſt.'

8, 15, 18, 24. broken lines.

9. S.D. F. 'Enter Iuliet.'

34. broken line, and the sense left incomplete; there is no principal sentence in ll. 30–4—an unmistakable 'cut.'

36. another short line.

39. Ritson and Steevens give 'Benedicite!' to the Duke. The line is short but perhaps, as S. Walker suggests, 'God's' was omitted before 'grace' because of the blasphemy law.

S.D. F. 'Exit.'

40. *law* (Hanmer) F. 'Loue' The emendation has been rejected by almost all mod. edd. Yet no satisfactory sense can be made of 'love,' while *a* for *o* is one of the commonest of Shakespearian misprints. Cf. 'doues' for 'dawes' (*Oth.* 1. 1. 65) and v. T.I. p. xlii. 'The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as she wished to die with him' (Mason).

42. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

2.4.

The number of misprints and doubtful readings in this scene suggests careless transcription. Indications of abridgment also abound; there are no less than 22 broken or short lines, while the obscurities noted at ll. 41, 59, 114–20, 122–3 may be attributed to the same cause.

S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo.'

4. *heaven in my mouth* 'his name' (l. 5) makes it possible that Shakespeare wrote 'God' here and that the F. 'heaven' was substituted in accordance with the blasphemy law.

9. *sere* (Hudson) F. 'feard' 'Feared' is pointless; 'sere'=dry (cf. *Ham.* 2. 2. 338). 'Sere' is spelt 'Seare' in *Macb.* 5. 3. 23 and the difference between 'feare' with an oversized final *e* and 'feard' in English script is small.

12. *for vain* v. G. 'vain.'

17. *'Tis not the devil's crest.* Johnson suggested ''Tis yet'; Hanmer and Warburton 'Is't not' Those who defend the F. reading seem to have overlooked the fact that in 'good Angel' Angelo is playing on his own name. By Angelo's fall 'good Angel' has become 'the devil's crest.' The simplest emendation is to read 'now' for 'not.' The converse error is to be found at 3. 2. 174.

S.D. F. 'Enter Seruant', but gives him no exit at l. 19.

19, 23. broken lines.

24–30. *So play the foolish throngs* etc. These lines, which have been generally taken as a complimentary reference to King James's hatred of crowds, read like a later addition. Note (i) 'How now, fair maid?' completes the broken line 'Of necessary fitness'; (ii) the speech as it stands is overlong for the pause before Isabella's entry, since presumably she is just outside when the servant announces her. Cf. note 1. 1. 67–72 and p. 103.

24. *swoons* F. 'ſwounds'

30. S.D. F. 'Enter Iſabella.'

31. short line. Possibly 'what is't' has been lost from the end of Angelo's speech.

34. short line.

37, 38. broken lines. Possibly Angelo's 'Yea' is the abridged substitute for a longer speech.

41. *That his soul sicken not* broken line. N.B. Angelo's rejoinder is not consecutive. Isabella has said nothing of pardon or in extenuation of Claudio's crime. Cf. note on ll. 114–20 below.

45. *coin heaven's image* etc. Cf. 1. 1. 48–50 and *Temp.* 1. 2. 100–5 (note).

48. *mettle* v. G.

mints F. 'meanes' Steevens conj. 'mints' and we believe this to be the true reading; 'restrained' = forbidden, illicit. The whole context demands 'mints' and the word is palaeographically quite possible. 'Ment' was a sixteenth century spelling of 'mint,' and 'ments' might be mistaken for 'menes' (= means). Cf. note 1. 2. 179.

49. broken line.

53. *or to* (Rowe) F. 'and to'

58. *than accompt* (Pope) F. 'than for accompt' 'The second "for" has been casually repeated by the compositor' (Steevens)—or transcriber.

59. *Nay, I'll not warrant that* Once again (cf. notes ll. 41, 114–20, 122–3) Angelo seems to be replying to something which the text does not give us.

61–2. *I* (*now the voice* etc. F. has a comma, not a colon, after 'life' (l. 62). It is possible therefore that the speech is all one sentence, that the bracket after 'I' is an error for 'f' and that Shakespeare intended 'If now the voice' etc. In *Ham.* 3. 4. 61 we have '(eale' for 'feale'

73. *And nothing of your answer* i.e. and you not answerable for it.

75. *craftily* (Rowe) F. 'crafty'

76. *Let me be* (F2) F. 'Let be'

78–81. *Thus wisdom...mark me* v. pp. 101–3. Omit these lines and the context runs straight on, the sense losing nothing, perhaps even gaining dramatically. Note, too, how 'But mark me' helps to fill up the line. The passage might easily be an addition.

80. *enshield* Read *enshelled* v. p. 102. If Shakespeare wrote, as he well might, 'ensheld,' the mistake would be explained, since 'sheld' was a common spelling in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both for 'shelled' and for 'shield.' Tyrwhitt conj. 'in-shell'd.'

83, 84, 87. broken lines.

90. *loss* Singer conj. 'loose' No one has been able satisfactorily to explain 'in the loss of question,' though most agree with Malone that the general sense is 'in idle conversation,' as indeed is clear from the context. Singer's conjecture seems to remove all difficulties. 'In the loose' or 'at the loose' are 16th and 17th century phrases meaning 'in the freedom' (v. N.E.D. 'loose' sb. 3), while 'loose' was also an archery term which gives a double meaning to Angelo's phrase, after Shakespeare's usual practice. For 'question' v. G.

92. *credit* F. 'creadit'—a noteworthy spelling.

94. *all-binding law* (Theobald) F. 'all-building-Law' We venture to restore Theobald's emendation here, which was approved by Johnson's sturdy good sense and by Malone's cautious mind, though rejected by most mod. edd. 'All-building' can hardly be right after 'manacles.' Cf. 'wilde' for 'wide' *Two Gent.* 2. 7. 32.

98. broken line.

103. *longings* (Sir Edward Maunde Thompson: privately) F. 'longing' The emendation seems self-evident. Rowe reads 'I've' and Capell 'I have' for 'have'

104. *Then must your brother die* F. begins a new page with this line. The catch-word of the previous page is '*Ang.* That'

105, 108, 110, 112, 116. broken lines.

114–20. *You seemed of late...I dearly love.* There is no utterance of Isabella's, either in this scene or in 2. 2., which would justify Angelo's accusation or her self-excuse. As the dialogue teems with broken lines, it is legitimate to suppose that the speech to which he refers has been 'cut' and it looks as if the 'cut' may have occurred at l. 41 above (v. note).

118. *To have* etc. This long line is printed as two in F. Possibly abridgment at work; cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

122–3. *If not a fedary* etc. 'Fedary' = accomplice or associate, v. G. Malone thought it 'extremely probable' that something had been omitted in this passage. 'Succeed' suggests that the omitted words or lines may have had reference to Adam and the fall of man. Certainly 'thy' appears to be used in a general sense, so that 'thy weakness' comes to mean the weakness of males, the sons of Adam. This interpretation is supported by Angelo's retort 'Nay, *women* are frail too.' 'Thy' has no direct application to Angelo; Isabella has no inkling yet as to what is in his mind.

123, 124. short lines.

127–8. *men their creation mar* etc. This has puzzled commentators, but the sense seems plain enough. Women, frail as glasses, like them 'make forms,' i.e. men. Therefore men who take advantage of women's frailty mar their own creation.

138. *By putting on the destined livery* Angelo still speaks indirectly but his meaning no doubt is at this point made unmistakable, both to Isabella and to the audience, by some action on the stage. Note the F. brackets ll. 136–7.

141–3. short lines. Steevens arranged 142–3 'My brother...me/That...die for't'; and he was probably right.

148. broken line.

153. *aloud* Hudson, at the suggestion of Dyce, omits this word which is superfluous both metrically and as regards the sense. It is the kind of word a careless transcriber might add inadvertently.

167. *Answer me to-morrow* Cf. 3.1.100 and v. p. 158.

170. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

183. short line.

185. The inverted commas come from the F. and denote one of those moral maxims or 'sentences,' which were probably very pointedly delivered by the actor on the stage. An important dramatic problem hinges upon

the underlining, so to speak, of this particular line, which expresses Isabella's moral philosophy in all its crudeness. Did Shakespeare—if it be his line—approve of it or expect the judicious among his auditors to accept it? Cf. pp. xxvii–xxxiii.

187. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

3. 1.

The first 150 ll. of this scene are in verse, full of broken lines (13 in all) and of doubtful readings like the previous scene; the last 117 ll. are in prose of that remarkable character which we have attempted to account for on the theory that it was Shakespearian verse worked up into prose by a reviser (v. pp. 107–8).

S.D. F. 'Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouoſt.'

3. *But only hope* broken line, printed at the beginning of l. 4 in F.

4. *I'have* So F. N.E.D. quotes no examples of mod. contracted form 'I've' before eighteenth century.

20. *exists* Shakespearian 2nd pers. sing. Cf. 2. 2. 117. Shakespeare did not write for the eye. All mod. edd. print the monster 'exist'st'; they could not pronounce it if they tried.

26. *bows*, F. 'bowes;'

29. *thee sire* (F4) F. 'thee, fire'

31. *serpigo* (Rowe) F. 'Sapego'

35. *Becomes as aged* One of the famous cruxes of this text, practically all editors, except Malone, agreeing that corruption is present. Conjectures like 'assuaged' (Warburton), 'assailed' (Bulloch), 'assieged' (Becket) are palaeographically impossible, since final *s* in English script is completely different in formation from medial or initial *s*. Perhaps the corruption lies in 'becomes as' since 'aged' appears to be required by the context. The general meaning seems to be 'youth's desire is to grow up and gain the prerogatives of age.' Possibly a line is lost.

37. *neither* Read 'not' or 'nor' and the line runs smoothly. 'Neither' is possibly a scribal substitution, cf. l. 48 below.

40. *mo* i.e. more than I have mentioned.

43. S.D. *Knocking at the gate* F. 'Enter Iſabella.'

44. *A voice without* F. 'Iſab.'

47–54. *Most holy sir* etc. This passage, composed of verse-scraps mingled with prose, suggests adaptation. Note that if 'or two' be omitted in l. 48 we get a line of verse. Possibly two abridged scenes are here spliced together.

47, 50, 51, 53, 54. broken lines.

52. F. reads 'Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd' To which F2 adds, to make sense, 'Yet hear them' Steevens emended as we read. The F. reading suggests careless copying, or hasty composition.

53. S.D. F. gives no 'exeunt.'

54. *Why* This detached word, so printed in F., is strong evidence of adaptation.

62. *twain...* F. 'twaine:' The colon may be a relic of a 'cut'; the line is broken and Claudio's question 'But is there any?' is abrupt.

68. *Though* (Rowe) F. 'Through'

90. *Nips youth i'th' head* v. G. *enew* (N.E.D.) v. G. F. 'emmew' by confusion with 'enmew' = coop up.

93, 96. *prenzie* Many conjectures, the most plausible being 'proxy' (Bulloch). But though 'proxy' would suit l. 93, the context in l. 96 demands a word corresponding with 'priestly,' which some have conjectured (v. G. 'guards'). We suggest *prosne* or *prozne* (= homily, v. N.E.D. 'prone' sb.), which might become transformed into 'prenzie' by a careless copyist ignorant of the word.

95. *damned'st* (F2) F. 'damneſt'

100. *This night's the time* Cf. 2. 4. 167 and p. 158.

103, 107, 111, 116. broken lines. In 107 the abrupt 'Yes' suggests adaptation.

120. *delighted* v. G.

122–5. *In thrilling region...pendent world* Cf. very apt parallel in *Par. Lost*, ii. 587–603. The number of Miltonic parallels to this play is noteworthy. For 'thrilling' v. G.

126. *thoughts* (Theobald) F. 'thought'

129. *penury* (F2) F. 'periury'—a minim-error, v. T.I. p. xli.

132, 147. broken lines.

151– end of scene. N.B. (i) the sudden transition to prose, (ii) the scraps of verse embedded in the prose, e.g. ll. 151, 207, 223, 224, 266; (iii) the clumsy staging. No re-entry is given in F. for Duke or Provost. The Duke had 'withdrawn' and was presumably still on the stage, or supposed to be. But the Provost was certainly not supposed to overhear the talk between Claudio and Isabella, and was therefore 'off'; yet he is 'on' again at l. 173, though for no ostensible reason, since the Duke dismisses him at once. Isabella's presence, while the Duke speaks to Claudio ll. 159–72, is also awkward. All this suggests hasty adaptation. (iv) The style of the prose, for which v. pp. 107–8.

172. F. gives no exit for Claudio or entry for Provost.

178. *In good time* v. G. 'time.' F. reads 'Exit' here.

179–83. Cf. *Ham.* 3. 1. 103–16.

197. *good a remedy* F. 'good; a remedie'

201. *person;* F. 'perſon,'

213. *to her by oath* (F2) F. 'to her oath'

260–2. *Haste you...this night* etc. v. p. 158.

263. *Saint Luke's* Apparently a village near 'Vienna.'

267. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

3. 2.

The F. makes no scene-division here, and there seems no good reason for Capell's introducing one; the Duke remains 'on.'

The scene, like the last, is interesting for its mixture of prose and verse, which strongly suggests revision of a verse-scene by a prose writer. It falls into five sections: (i) Dialogue between the Duke, Elbow and Pompey (1–39). Here the Duke speaks verse throughout. (ii) The Lucio episode (40–177). No trace of verse in this section, which was probably completely recast. (iii) The Duke's soliloquy (178–82). As this is in verse, we may presume that the Lucio episode, to which it refers, was not merely an insertion but was based upon pre-existing material. For its fragmentary character, v. pp. xxxix, 98. (iv) The Escalus episode (183–252). The Duke speaks verse at ll. 210–13, while for other verse-fossils v. notes ll. 187–8, 197–8, 225–6, 247–9 below. (v) The octosyllabic couplets (253–74), which we agree with others in thinking un-Shakespearian (v. note).

S.D. F. 'Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.'

8. *law a furred gown* (Hanmer) F. 'Law; a fur'd gowne'

9. *fox on* (Mason; Hudson reads) F. 'fox and' Probably 'one,' a common 16th cent. sp. of 'on,' taken for 'and'—an *e* : *d* error. The context seems to make the emendation certain; the fox 'stands for the facing.'

13–14. *And you* etc. We preserve F. arrangement, which however prints 'Hath' with a small *h*. Previous edd. have read the speech as prose.

13. *brother father* The Duke jests upon Elbow's 'father friar,' i.e. father brother.

19. short line.

25. *eat, array* (Theobald) F. 'eate away'—a minim-error.

28–9. F. prints as verse, dividing 'Indeed...Sir;/ But...proue.'

39. *Free from our faults* (F2) F. 'From our faults' —which most edd. read. Many conjectures, none satisfactory. F2 reading restores sense, rhythm and balance to the line, and we believe it to be correct.

The Duke means: 'Would that all men were as free from sin as Angelo seems, or as Pompey is free from hypocrisy.' We ascribe the couplets to the reviser. v. p. 111 *n.*

S.D. F. 'Enter Lucio.'

43–4. *noble Pompey...Cæsar* Lucio recalls the jest of Escalus at 2. 1. 214, 243–5, and it is significant of the condition of this text to note that he was not present when the jest was made.

45. *Pygmalion's images* v. G.

47. *extracting it clutched* (Rowe) F. 'extracting clutch'd' v. G. 'clutched.'

48. *tune* v. G. 49. *trot* v. G.

48–9. *drowned i'th' last rain* This is usually taken as an allusion to the wet winter of 1602–3. All such pretended allusions to a variable climate like that of England seem to us very dubious.

55–6. *beef...tub* v. G. 'tub.'

62–3. *say I sent thee thither* At l. 191 Overdone declares that Lucio has informed against her in order to shield himself. But beyond this nothing more is heard of the matter in the received text.

74. *bondage:* F. 'bondage'

75. *patiently—* F. 'patiently:'

84. F. gives no 'exeunt' for Elbow, Pompey, etc.

138. *upon a warranted need* = needed there a warrant.

146. *dearer* (Hanmer) F. 'deare'

174. *He's not past it yet,* etc. (Hanmer) F. 'He's now paſt it, yet (and I ſay to thee) hee' etc. All mod. edd. follow Hanmer, since the F. reading is not only most awkward in itself, but weakens the point of the whole speech (cf. note 2. 4. 17). The punctuation of this scene is very careless.

177. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

182. S.D. F. 'Enter Eſcalus, Prouoſt, and Bawd.'

187–8. *This...tyrant* A line of verse, v. head-note

197–8. *That fellow...called before us.* A line and a half of verse, v. head-note.

199. S.D. F. gives no 'exit' for Overdone.

200–4. *Provost...with him.* These words seem to refer to 2. 1. 1–36, v. p. 158.

212. *See* (Theobald) F. 'Sea'—and so spelt in the three other places where 'see' occurs in the canon.

217. *and it is* (F3) F. 'and as it is'

218. *inconstant* (Staunton: Hudson reads) F. 'constant' The context cries out for 'inconstant', while the sentence is just such a one as to confuse a transcriber or compositor; we have had one 'as' too many, and it is not surprising to find one 'in' too few.

225–6. F. arranges 'One, that aboue all other ſtrifes,/ Contended eſpecially to know himſelfe.' Omit the *e* from 'especially,' which Pope made bold to do, and you get verse.

230. *rejoice: a* F. 'reioice. A'

247–9. F. arranges 'If his owne life,/Anſwere... proceeding,/It ſhall...faile/he hath ſentenc'd himſelfe.' Possibly relics of adapted verse; e.g. by transferring 'own' we get: 'If his life/Answer the straitness of his own proceeding,/It shall become him well.'

252. S.D. F. gives no 'exeunt' for Escalus and Provost.

253–74. *He, who the sword* etc. 'This un-Shakespearian chorus of the Duke's is not justified by its assistance to the business in hand. It is a needless interpolation' (Hart). It is remarkably similar to the Gower-choruses in *Pericles*, which play, we suspect, possesses a close textual affinity with *Measure for Measure*. Cf. p. 110.

255. *Pattern in himself to know* Hart quotes Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, 5. 3, 'Princes that would their people should do well/Must at themselves begin, as at the head;/For men by their example pattern out/Their imitations and regard of laws;/A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.'

256. *an* (Hart) F. 'and'—'an' is almost always printed 'and' in F. 'an virtue go' = when virtue fails elsewhere (Hart).

258. *Than by* F. 'Then by' Possibly we should read 'Them by' If so the couplet means that the king is more, not less, generous to others when he weighs them in the same scale as himself. Cf. 5. 1. 110, 'He would have weighed thy brother by himself.'

262. *my vice* 'my' is to be taken in the sense of 'every one's.'

267. *To-draw* (Gow) F. 'To draw' Gow's hyphen seems the only way of making sense of the passage. 'Likeness' = 'seeming, hypocrisy,' and ' to-draw' is a clumsy way (in the manner of these couplets) of saying 'draw to itself.'

274. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 1.

This scene exhibits unmistakable marks of adaptation, and perhaps contains scraps of different scenes from the original pieced together. N.B. (i) 'Hath often stilled my brawling discontent' (l. 9), v. p. 159. (ii) The obscure couplets, ll. 12–15, for which v. p. 111. (iii) The patch of prose (ll. 16–26), which commences in the middle of one speech by the Duke and finishes in another. (iv) The clumsy fashion in which Mariana is got off the stage; cf. note 3. 1. 151. (v) The brevity of Isabella's absence while she tells her tale to Mariana, and the irrelevancy of the Duke's soliloquy meanwhile, v. pp. xxxix, 98.

S.D. F. 'Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.'

1–6. This song appears in 5. 2. of Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* (acted 1636–7), with the addition of the following stanza:

> Hide, O hide those hills of snow
> Which thy frozen bosom bears,
> On whose tops the pinks that grow
> Are of those that April wears.

But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

'The latter stanza,' says Theobald, 'is omitted by Mariana, as not suiting a female character.' The question remains: was the song composed by Shakespeare or Fletcher, or did Fletcher add a second verse to Shakespeare's original? The lines just quoted do not sound Shakespearian; but note 'Break off thy song.'

6. S.D. F. 'Enter Duke.'

9. F. gives no 'exit' for Boy.

15. *good*, F. 'good;' 18. *meet* v. G.

25. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

34–6. F. arranges in two lines: 'There...vpon the/ Heauy...vpon him', which suggests adaptation, scraps of the original verse being used. N.B. In the first of the F. lines there are ten syllables, v. pp. 108–9.

40. *In action all of precept* This has puzzled many; it seems to mean that Angelo gave his instructions with a good deal of dumb-show, as well as whispering.

50. S.D. F. 'Enter Mariana' after l. 49.

58. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

59–64. *O place and greatness* etc. v. pp. xxxix, 98.

61. *quests* (F2) F. 'Queſt' v. G.

64. S.D. F. 'Enter Mariana and Iſabella.'

75. *tilth's* (Warburton) F. 'Tithes' Malone, Farmer, Steevens and others favour Warburton's emendation. No one has succeeded in making sense of the F. reading. For 'tilth,' v. G.

S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

4. 2.

We have here the same irrational mixture of prose and verse as in previous scenes, i.e. (i) 1–59 prose, containing the dull and obscure fooling between Pompey and Abhorson which in style reminds one of 1. 2. 1–57. It is worth noting that this section (like that in 1. 2.) would just about cover one side of a foolscap sheet of

MS. (ii) 60–99 verse, containing three broken lines. (iii) 100–207 prose, but containing verse-fossils, i.e. 129–30, 161, 166–9, 185 ('Not a resemblance, but a certainty'), 199–200 ('Look, th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd'). Note the contradiction, 'four o'clock' —'by eight,' in §§ (i) and (ii). Cf. p. 100.

S.D. F. 'Enter Prouoſt and Clowne.'

3–5. *If the man* etc. F. prints as verse. Perhaps a relic of the player's part. v. *Two Gent.* note 1. 1. 133–7.

19. S.D. F. 'Enter Abhorſon.'

30. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

42. *thief: if* etc. F. ends Abhorson's speech with 'Theefe' and gives the rest to '*Clo.*', i.e. Pompey. Capell first made the alteration, which all edd. have since followed. Heath explains the speech thus: 'The argument of the Hangman is exactly similar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel, or tailors.' One wonders whether the audience could follow the drift!

44. *enough; if* F. 'enough. If'

46. S.D. F. 'Enter Prouoſt.'

50. *ask forgiveness* Cf. *As You Like It*, 3. 5. 3–6.

52. *four o'clock* Cf. 'by eight' (l. 63) and v. p. 100.

59. S.D. F. 'Exit' at l. 58.

60–1. *Th'one* etc. v. p. 111.

61. S.D. F. 'Enter Claudio,' but gives him no 'exit' at l. 69.

69. *spirits* S. Walker conj. 'spirit' which would be an improvement.

71. S.D. F. 'Enter Duke.'

76. broken line.

79. *stroke and line* v. G.

82. *mealed* N.E.D. explains 'spotted, stained,' but gives no other instance. We suspect it may be a simple *e*:*o* misprint for 'moaled' (for sp. v. *Twel. N.* 5. 1. 249), i.e. moled; the meaning is the same. 'Mealy,' however, can mean 'spotty,' v. N.E.D. 'mealy' 5.

84. S.D. *The Provost goes within* The F., which has neither exit nor entry between 'Enter Duke' (71) and 'Enter a Meſſenger' (99), gives no help with the Provost's movements. We imagine, however, that the knocking this time is at the gate of the court-yard (cf. 'th'unsisting postern' l. 88), and that the Provost goes to rouse 'the officer' to open it.

85–6. *This is a gentle provost* etc. v. p. 111.

88. *unsisting* Many conjectures; but Hart is probably right in suggesting that the word is a slurred form of 'unassisting.'

94. *Happely* (F.), i.e. haply. We retain the original spelling for the sake of the metre. 'Happily' and 'haply' were not clearly differentiated in Shakespeare's day.

99. S.D. F. 'Enter a Meſſenger,' but gives him no 'exit' at l. 105.

This is his lordship's man. F. gives this to the Duke and the next speech to the Provost. Tyrwhitt first rectified the error, which perhaps arose from confusion between cues and speeches in the players' parts.

lordship's (Pope) F. 'Lords' The error is probably due to the use of a contracted form in the copy. Cf. note 5. 1. 149.

101–5. *My lord hath sent* etc. 114–17. *I told you* etc. F. prints these speeches in lines of irregular length. Possibly marginal revision of deleted matter.

107–12. *This is his pardon* etc. v. p. 111.

111. *mercy*, F. 'Mercie;'

119–25. '*Whatsoever...peril.*' F. prints this in italics, heads it *The Letter*, and gives no speech-heading 'Pro.' It looks as if the 'stage-letter' was used as

copy (cf. *Two Gent.* note 3. 1. 140), a hypothesis supported by the fact that we have the sp. 'Bernardine' at l. 121 and nowhere else in the text.

166–71. *By the vow...discover the favour* We follow F. arrangement for the first four lines, and F. also divides ll. 170–1 at 'both,/And' Here we have unmistakable adapted verse, ll. 168–9 being patent verse.

173. *tie the beard* v. G. Simpson suggests 'dye' for 'tie', which 4. 3. 70–1 seems to support.

199–200. *Look, th'unfolding star* etc. v. p. 108, and G. 'unfolding star.'

206. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 3.

The alternate prose and verse sections here are more self-contained and correspond more naturally with the dramatic material than in previous scenes: (i) 1–61 prose (undoubtedly Shakespeare's); but verse-scrap at 55–6, which suggests revision. (ii) 62–148 verse; but v. notes for evidence of abridgment. (iii) 149–77 prose.

S.D. F. 'Enter Clowne.'

3–4. *her old customers* For the names that follow v. G.

4. *Rash;* F. 'Raſh,'

5. *commodity of brown paper* etc. v. G. 'commodity.'

15. *Forthright* (Warburton) F. 'Forthlight'

16. *Shoe-tie* F. 'Shootie'

18. *for the Lord's sake* v. G.

S.D. F. 'Enter Abhorſon.'

24. S.D. *from within* F. 'Barnardine within'

34. S.D. F. 'Enter Barnardine.'

45. S.D. F. 'Enter Duke.'

61. S.D. F. 'Exit,' 'Enter Prouoſt.'

70–1. *beard...of his colour* Cf. note 4. 2. 173.

86. *And Claudio* F. prints this with l. 85. Edd. have

adopted almost every possible variety of arrangement for this speech; we follow a suggestion by Aldis Wright.

88. *th'under* F. 'yond' Hanmer reads 'the under' and most edd. follow. W. W. Greg (privately) suggests 'that Shakespeare wrote "$\overset{e}{y}$ onder" and that the transcriber or compositor failed to notice the *e*.' The Duke is speaking at night and naturally says 'ere two nights have passed.' Cf. *Rich. II*, 3. 2. 38.

91. S.D. F. 'Exit' after l. 90.

92. *to Angelo* This can hardly be correct. The person to whom the Duke writes was to meet him 'at the consecrated fount, a league below the city.' Now, though the deputies in 4. 4. complain of contradictions in the Duke's correspondence, they have no idea of meeting him anywhere but 'at the gates,' to which spot, as we learn later in the present scene (ll. 128–32), letters delivered by Friar Peter had ordered them to repair. Moreover, ll. 95–100 clearly mean that the Duke together with the person he is to meet at the fount will proceed thence to deal with Angelo. 'To Angelo' in l. 92 is wrong, then. The error may have arisen through the compositor's eye catching 'to Angelo' which happens to end the previous line, or, as we think more probable, it may be deliberate alteration made at the time of the abridgment. For, who is this person to whom the Duke writes? The text informs us in 4. 5. that the Duke met two people next day before 'proceeding with Angelo': Friar Peter and Varrius. Friar Peter will not do, since he was already in touch with the Duke, who bids him come for him 'at Mariana's house to-night' (l. 140). We are left then with the mysterious Varrius, who meets the Duke, by appointment apparently, in 4. 5., and who assumes an important position in the S.D. at any rate of 5. 1., if not in the dialogue. v. p. 97, and note 4. 5. 11.

93. *The provost, he shall bear them* This at first sight

appears to support the 'to Angelo' in l. 92; but note that the Duke gives him no letters and that he is to 'make a swift return' in order that the Duke may take him into his confidence.

99. *well-balanced* (Rowe) F. 'weale-ballanc'd'—a noteworthy spelling.

100. S.D. F. 'Enter Prouoſt.'

100, 105, 116, 118. broken lines.

105. *A voice without* F. 'Iſabella within.'

110. S.D. F. 'Enter Iſabella.'

117–18. F. arranges 'It is no other,/Shew... patience.' This completes the broken line 116, and suggests tinkering by the transcriber, v. p. 109. Spedding first reformed the lining.

125. short line.

132. *There to give up* etc. This long line, with its break in the middle, was perhaps composed of two broken lines from the original.

148. short line.

S.D. F. 'Enter Lucio.'

149. *Good even* Cf. 'Good morning' (l. 111) and v. p. 159. F. divides 'Good 'euen;/Frier, where's the Prouoſt,' thus completing l. 148, v. p. 109.

157. F. gives no 'exit' for Isabella.

177. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

4.4.

S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo & Eſcalus.'

Ll. 3–12 of the scene are in prose, and ll. 13–32 in verse, but ll. 1–16 are all printed as prose in F. Thus ll. 13–16 form a bibliographical link between the two sections, and point to revision of the first half of the scene.

5. *redeliver* (Capell) F. 're-liuer'

13–14. *proclaimed. Betimes* F. 'proclaim'd betimes'

17. *Good night* This extra-metrical salutation possibly denotes adaptation.

S.D. F. 'Exit.'

23. *dares her no* If this be not corrupt, Hart's explanation seems the best, i.e. 'reason taunts her, or defies her, with no.'

24. *bears a* (Theobald) F. 'beares of a' Craig reads 'bears so'

32. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 5.

S.D. *A consecrated fount*, etc. The Duke names the fount as his rendezvous before proceeding to meet with Angelo (v. 4. 3. 96–100 and note at 4. 3. 92), and the rendezvous clearly takes place in this scene. It seems that the Duke was preparing for all emergencies, and intended to meet Angelo with a following of his own trusty supporters, of whom (and of Varrius in particular) the unabridged text would probably have told us a good deal more. F. 'Enter Duke and Frier Peter.'

1. *These letters* 'Peter,' comments Dr Johnson, 'never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed.' To which Steevens replies that the text had 'probably experienced the injudicious curtailments...of transcribers, players and managers.' The Duke's letters are very puzzling, and we are not told for whom these particular ones were intended; in any case 'deliver me' may mean 'deliver for me' and not 'to me,' as Johnson read it.

5. *blench* v. G.

6. *Flavius'* F. 'Flauia's'

8. *Valentinus* (Capell) F. 'Valencius' This error, together with 'Flauia's' above, suggests dictation. The strange mixture of English and classical names in the line reminds one of the 'Moses and Valerius' in *Two Gent.* 5. 3. 7.

10. S.D. F. 'Enter Varrius.' No 'exit' for Friar Peter.

11. *Varrius* v. p. 97. This mysterious personage does not appear in 'The Names of all the Actors,' and though given a second entry at the head of 5. 1., has nothing to say either there or here. It seems likely that he was one of the more important of the Duke's 'friends,' and more than likely that his was at least a speaking part in the unabridged text. Cf. note 4. 3. 92.

12. *walk* i.e. walk about, while waiting for 'other of our friends.'

13. *anon*, F. 'anon:' The colon is interesting as suggesting that 'my gentle Varrius' was the beginning of a fresh sentence cut short by the curtailment of the scene.

S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

4. 6.

S.D. F. 'Enter Iſabella and Mariana.'

3. *advised* i.e. well-advised.

8. broken line.

S.D. F. 'Enter Peter' after l. 8.

12, 15. F. breaks these lines into two, at the colons; and there are no less than six examples of this phenomenon in 5. 1. Shakespeare occasionally uses the device, as we have seen at 2. 2. 83–4, for the purpose, apparently, of indicating deliberate intonation. But it is surprising to find so many examples within so short a space; nor do they seem to possess any elocutionary significance. As a period, colon or semi-colon occurs at the end of the first half in all but one instance, it is probable that they are simply the result of 'cuts' in the text, and 5. 1. 318 (v. note) lends strong support to this theory.

15. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

5. 1.

This long scene is markedly free from the corruption which mars most of the other verse-scenes of the play, whence it may be conjectured that here the printed text lies closer to Shakespeare's original, or at least to

the 1604 abridgment, than elsewhere. This conjecture finds support in two other circumstances: (i) The scene-heading, 'Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores,' is the only S.D. in the whole text (with the possible exception of that at the head of 4. 1.) which in any way suggests prompt-copy. (ii) It is unlikely that Varrius, and highly improbable that Juliet (both mutes), were intended to appear in this scene, according to the version we now have; yet the F. gives an entry to each of them (v. note 5. 1. 473). The inference is that their names are mere survivals from the old prompt-copy; and it is even conceivable that, for this scene, the printers had a portion of that prompt-copy to work from. Not that the text of act 5 is entirely free from signs of adaptation. There are broken lines, which may be relics of abridgment. There are those split lines to which we have referred at 4. 6. 12, 15. There are also passages of incorrectly divided verse. Most of these latter occur in parts of the scene with which Lucio is immediately concerned, and there can be little doubt that this character, here as elsewhere, has drawn upon himself the special attention of the adapter. He speaks verse sometimes (an indication that he was an original character in the scene), but more often prose; and when he speaks prose, other characters tend to drop into prose likew se, while it is in connexion with these prose passages that the surrounding verse goes astray in its lining. Other noteworthy features of the scene are: (i) Its imperfect indication for 'entries.' No entry is given for the Provost at the head; yet he is 'on' at l. 249. Again it is difficult to trace Isabella's movements after her arrest at l. 119 (v. note l. 124 below). (ii) The strange silence of Isabella when Claudio appears (v. note l. 473 below). (iii) Much of the verse (though by no means all) appears too simple in character to belong to Shakespeare's mature style, as exemplified in 2. 2. and 2. 4.

In this scene, if anywhere, we fancy, are to be found traces of a 16th century *Measure for Measure*.

S.D. *Angelo and Escalus, with the Provost* etc. For F. scene-heading v. note above. We follow it in giving an entry to the mute Varrius, since he joins the Duke in 4. 5. Note his important position, next the Duke, in the F. list. Possibly the 'other of our friends' (4. 5. 12) are included among 'Lords.' The F. gives a stage-entry for Peter and Isabella at l. 18, and for Mariana at l. 165, but they are clearly supposed to be at their 'stand' from the beginning.

13. *me* (F3) F. 'we'—a minim-error.

18. broken line.

S.D. F. 'Enter Peter and Iſabella.'

19. F. divides 'Now...time/Speake...before him.' Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

21. F. '(I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)' The brackets, with the capital denoting emphasis, are significant of Isabella's tone. She whispers the words.

26. F. divides 'Relate your wrongs;/In what...be briefe:' Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

32. F. divides 'Or wring...from you:/Heare... heere.' Here the split line may possibly have elocutionary significance. Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

here Keightley conj. 'hear', which may be right, as Shakespeare spelt the two words alike; cf. repetition of 'justice' l. 25.

56. *caracts* Some copies (F.) 'characts'

67. *seems true* i.e. which seems true. We take 'hide' with 'truth', which is to burst forth like the sun and eclipse the seeming truth.

68. F. divides 'Haue...reaſon:/What...ſay?' Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

82. *I warrant* An anon. conj. 'Ay, I warrant', which is attractive, since the line halts, as it is, and 'ay' was always printed 'I' at this period.

83. *to it* (Capell) F. 'to't'

85. *i'the* (F) An unusual form for Shakespeare, who generally wrote *ith*, which usually appears as *i'th* or *ith'* in the old texts.

89. broken line.

90. The line halts, while 'mended again' is obscure. Possibly adaptation to cover a 'cut.' N.B. The previous line is broken.

124. S.D. *At a motion* etc. We thus attempt to deal with an insoluble difficulty. The F. gives no exit for Isabella, though the Duke describes her as 'gone' (l. 238) and she has a re-entry at l. 272. Capell fixed her exit at l. 160, and all mod. edd. follow; but it is absurd to take her off immediately after Friar Peter's declaration that she shall be 'disprovéd to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.' The confusion probably arises from some tampering with the text; though if, as we suggest, Isabella is carried off to a little distance beyond the immediate circle of the Duke, to await his further pleasure, the received text can be acted without glaring contradiction.

125. F. divides 'A ghoſtly...belike:/Who...Lodowicke?' Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15.

149. *my lord*, F. 'my Lord:' The colon is perhaps the mark of abbreviation after 'L', which commonly stood for 'lord' in MS.

158. *vulgarly* v. G.

165. S.D. F. 'Enter Mariana.'

166. *her face* (F2) F. 'your face'

169–77. *No, my lord* etc. Note that the sudden drop into prose leads up to Lucio's first prose speech in the scene. That the Duke silences him in a verse speech suggests, however, that the prose replaced a passage of verse.

179. broken line.

183–4. F. arranges 'I haue...yet my huſband/ Knowes not...knew me.' We follow Pope's rectification, which entirely convinces the ear. Note: (i) we get

verse-disturbance, as usual, before one of Lucio's speeches; (ii) the F. arrangement suggests the decasyllabic tinkerer, doing his best with eighteen syllables, v. p. 109.

190, 211. broken lines.

215. *promiséd* (Rowe) F. 'promiſ'd'

225. *Tuesday night* etc. v. p. 159.

236. *And punish them to* etc. The line halts. Pope read 'unto' for 'to.'

241. *sealed in approbation* v. G.

245. broken line.

253–5. F. arranges 'In any...for a while/Will leaue ...you haue/Well...Slanderers.' Our lining is Spedding's. Note: (i) A Lucio prose passage follows as usual. (ii) The F. lining is as nearly decasyllabic as the tinkerer can make it, v. p. 109. (iii) Escalus' rejoinder, which F. prints as prose with the rest of his speech, completes the half-line, though previous edd. have not observed this.

255. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

256–86. *Signior Lucio...where you are?* A prose patch, with verse-fossils, e.g. ll. 278–80, while 'As any in Vienna, on my word' (264), 'Call that same Isabel here once again' (265) are also possible lines of verse.

272. S.D. F. reads 'Enter Duke, Prouoſt, Iſabella.'

276–7. *Come on, mistress* etc. F. prints as verse.

278–9. *My lord...provost* F. prints as verse.

279–80. *In very good time* etc. F. prints as prose.

303–8. F. divides 'To call...from him,/To th' Duke...Iniuſtice?/Take him...towze you/Ioynt by ioynt...purpoſe:/What? vniuſt?...Duke dare' The last line gives the F. away and reveals the finger-counting adapter attempting to cover 'cuts,' v. p. 109. Capell rearranged the passage.

303, 308. broken lines.

314. *stew* v. G.

316. *forfeits in a barber's shop* v. G.

317. broken line.

318. F. divides 'Slander...State./Away...prifon.' Cf. note 4. 6. 12, 15. N.B. The first half of the line completes the broken l. 317.

321–51. *'Tis he, my lord* etc. Another Lucio passage in prose with verse-fossils: (i) 321–2 is printed as prose by F., though clearly verse. (ii) 340–2 are in the same case. (iii) 349–51, 'Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you.../Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour' make tolerable verse.

372. broken line.

375. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

379. *holy* v. G.

395. *So happy* etc., i.e. that your brother is thus happy.

S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouoſt.'

419. *confiscation* (F2) F. 'confutation' Malone read 'confiscation' but had doubts about it. All other edd. have followed F2, which is clearly right.

ours, F. 'ours;'

420. *with all* (F.)

439–50. *Most bounteous sir* etc. Dr Johnson rightly stigmatised Isabella's argument as 'extraordinary.'

446. *For Angelo* F. prints this with l. 447.

465. S.D. F. gives no 'exit.'

473. S.D. F. 'Enter Barnardine and Prouoſt, Claudio, Iulietta.' We have followed F. and given Juliet an entry, but think it very unlikely that she was intended to appear here in the received text, since she has nothing to say. But there can be little doubt that at some period in the history of the text she had played a part in this final scene. We have suggested (v. head-note 2. 3.) that she was cut out of 5. 1. because the actor who took her part also played Mariana, who is of course 'on.' This theory has the merit of helping to account for another anomaly in the scene, i.e. the

(dramatically speaking) inexplicable silence of Isabella on the appearance of her brother. Some kind of reconciliation between brother and sister was necessary, and the natural reconciler would be Juliet, Isabella's adopted cousin and school-mate (v. 1. 4. 46–8). To 'cut' Juliet, therefore, in 5. 1. would be to cut out the reconciliation scene between Isabella and Claudio.

498. *deservéd so* (Pope) F. 'ſo deſeru'd'

499. broken line—preceding a prose speech by Lucio.

505. *If any woman's* (Hanmer) F. 'If any woman' —Clark and Glover conj. 'Is any woman', which Hart actually reads. This is palaeographically impossible, v. note 3. 1. 35.

509. broken line—preceding a prose speech by Lucio.

518–19. *Marrying a punk* etc. We follow F. arrangement, since 'Whipping and hanging' fits in metrically with the Duke's reply.

534. *What's yet behind* etc. This hint that the 'shy' Duke has still more cards up his sleeve, is remarkable as occurring in the last line of the play. 'That's meet you all should know' suggests something important, not merely the further honours to be granted to Escalus, referred to at l. 524. Have we here a relic of further scenes (or a second part) following at some previous stage in the play's development?

that's (F2) F. 'that' F. gives no 'exeunt.'

TIME-ANALYSIS OF *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*

Shakespeare has a reputation for carelessness in his treatment of time, but the contradictions and confusion in the references to time in the present text are so glaring as to be only explicable, in our judgment, on the theory of a series of revisions. It has been thought best to collect all the evidence on the matter under the head of a single note, which is indebted to P. A. Daniel's analysis (*New Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1877–9, pt II), though we have departed from it in some important particulars.

DAY I. 1. 1. The Duke takes his leave, gives Angelo and Escalus their commissions and departs. 'A short interval must here be supposed, to allow the new governors to settle to their work' (Daniel).

DAY II. 1. 2. The proclamation has been issued. Claudio and Juliet arrested. Lucio goes to seek Isabella.

1. 3. The Duke borrows his disguise from Friar Thomas. This scene suggests that Day ii follows immediately upon Day i. Possibly it originally stood as 1. 2.

1. 4. Lucio interviews Isabella. N.B. Isabella has only just arrived at the nunnery; it is therefore the same day as 1. 2., where Claudio remarks 'This day my sister should the cloister enter' (l. 173). Isabella goes at once to see Angelo, and promises to let Claudio hear of her success 'soon at night.'

2. 1. Before 11 o'clock in the morning (v. l. 271); yet the houses in the suburbs, which were only threatened in 1. 2. 93, have already been plucked down, and Mistress Overdone has even had time to set up a new establishment: 'whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house' (ll. 62–4). This is quick work, before eleven in the morning! The first batch of suspects under the new proclamation is before the judges. Angelo orders that Claudio is to 'be executed by nine to-morrow morning' (l. 34).

2. 2. Follows immediately upon 2. 1. The Provost again commanded to execute Claudio to-morrow. Isabella pleads; Angelo replies 'I will bethink me: come again to-morrow...at any time 'fore-noon.' N.B. The Provost is given

no orders to postpone the execution, which may have been 'cut' in the text (v. note 2. 2. 26). Anyhow, he appears to act upon Angelo's hint.

2. 3. The time of this scene is puzzling; is it Day ii or Day iii? At l. 16 the Provost tells the Duke that the execution is to take place 'as I do think, to-morrow.' If we suppose that Angelo at the end of 2. 2. instructed the Provost to delay the execution until after his interview with Isabella sometime ''fore-noon' on Day iii (instructions which were deleted in the received text, v. notes 2. 2. 26, 156–61), the obscurity would be cleared up, 2. 3. would take place immediately after 2.2., and the Provost's half-wistful 'as I do think' would express his doubting hope that Isabella's plea might after all prove successful. On the evidence of the F. text, he had no right to express even the shadow of a doubt; his orders were explicit, and if he valued his place (v. 2. 2. 13–14) must be carried out 'by nine' on Day iii.

Day III. 2. 4. Isabella's second interview with Angelo, ''fore-noon.' He makes his infamous proposal, and bids her 'answer me to-morrow' (l. 167).

3. 1. Isabella's interview with Claudio. She tells him 'this night's the time' appointed for her assignation with Angelo (l. 100), which contradicts 'answer me to-morrow' (2. 4. 167); the Duke also speaks of 'this night' (l. 261). N.B. 'Dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly' (l. 265) suggests that it is already afternoon, i.e. that Isabella goes straight from Angelo in 2. 4. to see Claudio. Isabella is to have a third interview with Angelo, and then call upon the Duke at the moated grange.

3. 2. Follows 3. 1. immediately. Pompey haled to prison. He had been dismissed in 2. 1. by Escalus on promise of good behaviour; his period of freedom was therefore brief. Lucio had lodged his 'information' (v. note ll. 62–3) before this second arrest, together with that of Overdone. N.B. (i) Escalus bids the Duke 'Good even' (i.e. Good afternoon); (ii) 'my brother Angelo...with divines' (ll. 200–2) seems to refer directly to 2. 1. 1–36. Yet that 'to-morrow' is now well spent and moreover the Provost was present in 2. 1. and therefore Escalus is telling him what he already knows.

4. 1. Mariana and the moated grange. Late afternoon. Isabella has had her third interview with Angelo (off the stage) and agreed to meet him 'upon the heavy middle of

the night.' An interesting point arises in connexion with this scene. Mariana remarks at the Duke's entry 'Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice/Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.' This implies intimacy with the friar-duke, extending over several days at least. Yet the Duke had only donned his friar's garb yesterday!

4. 2. The prison; 'dead midnight' (l. 63). Claudio is to die to-morrow with Barnardine, and the Provost has the warrant (l. 62). N.B. the hour is given 'four o'clock' (l. 52, prose) and 'by eight' (l. 63, verse), while it is clear from l. 120 that Angelo expedites the execution from eight or nine to four, though the Provost could not know this at l. 52. Here, we think, is an unmistakable sign of careless revision (v. p. 100).

Day IV. 4. 3. Follows immediately upon 4. 2., but dawn has intervened—the axe is ready on the block (l. 35, cf. 4. 2. 51), 'the hour draws on prefixed by Angelo' (ll. 76–7), Ragozine had 'died this morning' (l. 68) and the Duke greets Isabella with 'Good morning' (l. 111). Yet Lucio, upon entry, remarks 'Good even' (l. 149). This is suspicious, occurring as it does in a Lucio prose section, following a long section of verse.

4. 4. In this scene we are apparently back again in the night of Day iii, since Angelo tells Escalus he will call upon him 'betimes i'th' morn' (l. 14) and bids him 'Good night' (l. 17).

4. 5.; 4. 6.; 5. 1. All take place on Day iv. The only points to be noted are (i) that Lucio is correct in stating that Isabella and the 'friar' had been seen by him 'yesternight' at the prison (5. 1. 133), and (ii) that Mariana's statement that she had met Angelo 'but Tuesday night last gone' (5. 1. 225) is strangely precise when she might have said 'but yesternight.'

THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*

'Mesur for Mesur,' by 'Shaxberd,' is one of the plays mentioned in the Revels Accounts. The list for 1604–5 says that the play was acted at Whitehall on St Stephen's night (December 26), 1604, by His Majesty's Players (v. pp. vii, 101–3). There is no other known mention of a performance of this play before the Restoration.

On February 18, 1662, Samuel Pepys saw at 'the Opera' (Lincoln's Inn Fields) a play called *The Law against Lovers*, 'a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing.' The little girl was acting Viola, the younger sister of Beatrice. She sang a song: 'Wake all the dead! what hoa! what hoa!'; with Benedick, Escalus, Beatrice and Lucio she joined in a chorus: 'Our Ruler has got the vertigo of State,' and she danced a saraband with 'castanietos.' What has all this to do with *Measure for Measure*? The connexion is that *The Law against Lovers* was D'Avenant's version of *Measure for Measure*, with Benedick and Beatrice introduced into it from *Much Ado about Nothing*. 'Though not only the characters,' says Langbaine, 'but the language of the whole Play almost, he borrow'd from *Shakespeare*; yet where the language is rough or obsolete, our Author has taken care to polish it.' The result may be studied in D'Avenant's *Works* (1673). After D'Avenant, Charles Gildon was the next to improve (with the help of D'Avenant's version) upon Shakespeare's play. His *Measure for Measure*, or *Beauty the Best Advocate* was published in 1700, and acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the season (as Malone concluded) of 1699–1700. Betterton appeared as Angelo; Ver-

bruggen as Claudio; Arnold as the Duke (of Savoy); Berry as Escalus; Baile as Lucio; Pack as Balthazar; Freeman as the Provost; Mrs Bracegirdle as Isabella; Mrs Bowman as Julietta and Mrs Prince as Mariana. The Lucio of this play is a small part and very different from the Lucio of the Folio text; the low-life characters are cut out; there is no comedy in the play and the plot is altered. The piece was so successful as to be given eight times, largely owing, perhaps, to the four 'entertainments of musick' (three of them taken from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*) with which it was diversified.

The low-life characters do not appear again in the casts before a performance at Drury Lane on January 26, 1738; and that is the earliest date at which, it might be safe to conjecture, Shakespeare's play was restored to the stage. Quin, who on this occasion acted the Duke to the Isabella of Mrs Cibber, had already shown a liking for the part. He had appeared in it at Lincoln's Inn Fields in December, 1720, with Mrs Seymour for his Isabella; Ryan for Claudio, and Boheme for Angelo; and he had chosen the play for his benefit at Drury Lane on March 10, 1737, when we first hear of Mrs Cibber as Isabella. Mrs Cibber also chose this play for her benefit at Drury Lane on April 12, 1738 (when she and Quin probably acted); and the two famous players appeared together in it again in the seasons of 1742–3 at Covent Garden and of 1746–7 at Drury Lane, and probably also at Covent Garden in the season of 1750–1. After Quin's retirement (which took place about that time) Mrs Cibber continued to act Isabella pretty frequently. Having joined Garrick (who never took part in the play himself) at Drury Lane in 1753, she played Isabella there every season from that of 1755–6 till that of 1758–9. Woodward seems to have been the regular Lucio in these performances, until he left Drury Lane in the spring of 1758; and Mossop the Duke, until, in 1759, he left London for Dublin, where in that year,

at the theatre in Capel-street, with Mrs Fitzhenry as Isabella, he won for the play a popularity which lasted for several years. After Mossop's departure from Drury Lane, there is no record of Mrs Cibber's playing Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, though she went on acting till December, 1765. Meanwhile, in April, 1746, at Drury Lane, Mrs Woffington had made her first appearance in the part, with Berry for the Duke, and Macklin for Lucio; while Mrs Pritchard had taken it at Covent Garden in January, 1744, and her daughter, Miss Pritchard, at Drury Lane, in January, 1756, and May, 1757. 'It is not likely,' says Genest of the two Pritchards, 'that they should both have acted a part, which neither of them could act, except when Mrs Cibber was ill.'

After Mrs Cibber's retirement the play fell for a while into less favour than before. The next recorded Isabella is Mrs Bellamy, who acted it (with Bensley as the Duke and Woodward, who had chosen the play for his benefit, in his old part of Lucio) at Covent Garden on the 12th and two subsequent evenings of February, 1770. Mrs Yates takes the part up at Covent Garden in January, 1771, with Yates as Lucio, and acts it three times that season and possibly again in the next. In Garrick's penultimate season of management, she appears at his Drury Lane, in the spring of 1775, with a notable cast, which included Smith as the Duke; King as Lucio; Palmer as Angelo; Reddish as Claudio; J. Aikin as Escalus; Parsons as Pompey; Miss Hopkins as Mariana; and Mrs Bradshaw as Mistress Overdone; and certainly as late as October, 1780, when Henderson made his first appearance as the Duke, and possibly as late as 1782–3, she was acting it at Covent Garden. In January, 1777, a new Isabella appeared at Covent Garden—Mrs Jackson; and Woodward, then within three months of his death, once more played Lucio. As to who played the parts in the revivals at Drury Lane in

the autumns of 1777 and of 1778, there is no evidence; but in the next year, on December 11, 1779, there appears at Bath the first great Isabella since Susannah Maria Cibber—Sarah Siddons.

She played the part there six times that season, and three times in the spring of 1782. Her first appearance as Isabella in London was at Drury Lane, on November 3, 1783, with Smith as the Duke; Lee Lewes as Lucio; Palmer as Angelo; Brereton (who, 'inspired by Mrs Siddons,' acted better than usual) as Claudio; Parsons as Pompey; J. Aikin as Escalus; and Mrs Ward as Mariana. Mrs Siddons played the part five times that season, but not again, apparently, till October, 1785; and her next certainly recorded appearance was on a great occasion, at Drury Lane on December 30, 1794, when her brother, John Philip Kemble, for the first time played the Duke. With Bannister junior for Lucio; Palmer for Angelo; Wroughton for Claudio; J. Aikin for Escalus; Suett for Pompey; Parsons for Elbow; R. Palmer for Barnardine; Mrs Powell for Mariana and Mrs Booth for Mistress Overdone, the cast was a good one; and the play was given eight times that season. The brother and sister acted the Duke and Isabella at Drury Lane at least once in the following season, and frequently until 1802, when they left Drury Lane, Charles Kemble making his first appearance as Claudio in October, 1798. They took the play with them to Covent Garden, and acted it (with Charles Kemble as Claudio and Cooke as Angelo) twice in the winter of 1803–4. Then we hear no more of the play until October, 1811, when, with Barrymore (who was not good) as Angelo; Charles Kemble as Claudio; Liston as Pompey; Emery (who 'looked and acted inimitably') as Barnardine, and Mrs Davenport as Mistress Overdone, the play was given the first of the eight performances accorded to it during Mrs Siddons's farewell season.

She was succeeded in this (as in other parts) by Miss O'Neill, who, with Young for the Duke, and Charles Kemble, Liston, Emery and Mrs Davenport in their old parts, and Mrs Faucit (the mother of Helen Faucit) for Mariana, made her first appearance as Isabella at Covent Garden on February 8, 1816. Hazlitt, who wrote on the performance in *The Examiner* of February 11th, was disappointed in Miss O'Neill ('she did not seize with much force the spirit of her author, but she seemed in complete possession of a certain conventicle twang'); and he ended his notice with 'a devout apostrophe to the name of Mrs Siddons.' Young, who acted the Duke, to Hazlitt's thinking, only 'tolerably well,' played the part on subsequent occasions—at Bath in 1820, with Mrs Pope for Isabella and Farren for Lucio; and at Drury Lane three times in the spring of 1829, with Mrs Phillips for his Isabella. The next eminent actor, and the last of the great line, to play the Duke was Macready; and he appeared but once in the part—at Drury Lane on May 1, 1824, with Mrs Bunn as Isabella; Liston (who was 'more than lost') as Lucio; Terry as Angelo, and Miss Lydia Kelly as Mariana.

In the period of the great actors and actresses *Measure for Measure* had been a popular play. It was less liked, either by the players or by the public, when that period had passed. Samuel Phelps produced it at Sadler's Wells on November 4, 1846, playing the Duke to the Isabella of Miss Addison. Isabella, say Phelps's biographers, was Miss Addison's finest character; but there is no record of the production being revived. Adelaide Neilson, who had acted Isabella in the United States, appeared in the character at the Haymarket Theatre in 1876, with Howe for the Duke; Conway for Lucio; Charles Warner for Claudio, and J. B. Buckstone for Pompey; and again in 1878, when the Claudio was Kyrle Bellew. Miss Ellen Lancaster Wallis

had the play in her provincial and suburban repertory in the last two decades of the nineteenth century; and Mme Modjeska acted Isabella in the United States. One reason why *Measure for Measure* has been seldom performed during the last one hundred years is the reputation it has acquired of being obscene. Of several protests raised against its performance, the most recent was that of some inhabitants of Oxford in 1906, when the Oxford University Dramatic Society chose the play for the annual performance by its members. In March of that year Mr Oscar Asche produced the play at the Adelphi Theatre, and played Angelo to the Isabella of Miss Lily Brayton, the Claudio of Mr Harcourt Williams and the Duke of Mr Walter Hampden.

HAROLD CHILD.

GLOSSARY

Note. Where a pun or quibble is intended, the meanings are distinguished as (*a*) and (*b*)

ABLE, suitable, appropriate (v. N.E.D. 'able' 2); 1. 1. 8

ACCOMMODATIONS, comforts, conveniences; 3. 1. 14

ACCOMPT, 'stand more for number than accompt,' i.e. are ciphers or mere units in the book of judgment rather than entries against our account; 2. 4. 58

ADVÉRTISE, instruct, inform; 'one that can my part in him advértise,' i.e. 'one who can teach me my own business, now vested in him' (Hart); 1. 1. 41; 5. 1. 379

APPLIANCES, medicinal applications (cf. *Per.* 3. 2. 86 'by good appliance recovered'); 3. 1. 88

ATTORNEYED (at your service), employed as your attorney or agent; 5. 1. 381

AVES, acclamations; 1. 1. 70

BANE, 'their proper bane,' i.e. their own bane, in other words—ratsbane. N.E.D. under 'ratsbane' quotes 1597 writer: 'Men couer ratts bane vnder suger or honey'; 1. 2. 125

BARED, shorn (cf. *All's Well*, 4. 1. 54 'the baring of my beard'); 4. 2. 174

BASTARD (brown and white), a sweet kind of Spanish wine; 3. 2. 4

BAY, 'appears to be the space lying under one gable, or included between two party-walls' (N.E.D.); 2. 1. 238

BILLETS, logs of wood for fuel. 'Billet' might mean 'cudgel' or 'single-stick' and N.E.D. quotes this passage under that meaning, but the more ordinary signification seems to be implied here; 4. 3. 53

BLENCH, swerve, start aside (N.E.D. quotes no examples of 'blench'= 'blanch' before 19th cent.); 4. 5. 5

BLESSED, blissful, happy; 3. 1. 34

BOSOM, i.e. desires, or intimate thoughts (cf. *Oth.* 3. 1. 58 'To speak your bosom freely'); 4. 3. 134

BRAKES OF ICE, v. note; 2. 1. 39

BUNCH OF GRAPES, the name of a room in the ale-house (cf. the 'Half-Moon' and the 'Pomgarnet,' 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 30, 42); 2. 1. 124

BY AND BY, i.e. presently—an impatient exclamation to the person knocking; 4. 2. 69

CAPER (Master), i.e. Master Frolic; 4. 3. 9

CARACTS. A 'caract' or 'charact' is a mark, sign, or symbol: Isabella is perhaps referring to heraldic devices. Nares notes a statute of Ed. VI directing that the seals of office of every bishop should have certain 'characts,' under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the diocese; 5. 1. 56

CARDINALLY, blunder for 'carnally' (cf. 'cardinal sins'); 2. 1. 77

CHARACTER, hidden meaning; lit. 'cipher for secret correspondence'; 1. 1. 27

CHINA-DISHES. The jest here is to suppose that such a rarity (in

Shakespeare's day) as china-ware could be found in Mistress Overdone's 'hot-house'; 2. 1. 91

CLACK-DISH, or clap-dish, 'a wooden dish with a lid carried and clacked by beggars as an appeal for contributions' (N.E.D.); 3. 2. 123

CLAP INTO, 'to enter with alacrity and briskness upon anything' (Dr Johnson); 4. 3. 39

CLUTCHED, i.e. clenched, with money in the fist; 3. 2. 47

COMBINATE, generally taken as 'betrothed, affianced,' but the word is not found elsewhere in this sense; possibly connected with 'combind' (cf. *combined*); 3. 1. 221

COMBINED, i.e. tied, bound. 'Shakespeare uses "combine" for "to bind by a pact or agreement"' (Dr Johnson). Cf. 'And all combined, save what thou must combine/By holy marriage' (*Rom.* 2. 3. 60); 4. 3. 144

COMES OFF WELL, turns out well. Johnson explained 'this is well delivered,' but N.E.D. gives no support; 2. 1. 56

COMMODITY (of brown paper and old ginger); 4. 3. 5. By an Act of 1571 the payment of interest upon loans was legalised up to 10 per cent. This was not sufficient for usurers, who adopted the device of the fictitious sale of 'commodities' to circumvent the law and bleed their victims. Thus young Master Rash purchases from the usurer, on credit for the sum of £197, a parcel of 'old ginger' on which he receives a loan of five marks (i.e. £3. 6*s.* 8*d.*). The usurer promises to dispose of the ginger at a handsome rate, but it turns out that its market price has fallen, the 'old women' who liked it being 'all dead.' Pompey is, of course, exaggerating a little.

COMPLETE, fully equipped. 'Complete bosom' has the secondary sense of 'corselet'; cf. *Ham.* 1. 4. 52 'in complete steel' and v. *dribbling dart*; 1. 3. 3

COMPLEXION. 'For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,/After the moon.' According to the old medical theory the 'complexion' or composition of man's body was made up of four humours or fluids (blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy) and if the proportion of these was disturbed, disease of mind or body followed. The moon, which influenced the tides, was likewise supposed to influence the human fluids; 3. 1. 24, 182

COMPOSITION, the sum agreed upon; 5. 1. 216

CONFUTE, (*a*) render futile, (*b*) silence in argument (cf. 'debatement,' l. 98); 5. 1. 99

CONTINUE, Elbow seems to interpret this as 'contain,' i.e. be continent; 2. 1. 186

CONVENTED, summoned; 5. 1. 156

COPPER-SPUR (Master), i.e. Master Pretentious; 'copper' often used at this period 'with the notion of spurious, pretentious, worthless' (N.E.D.), doubtless because of its likeness to gold; 4. 3. 13

COST, extravagance, display. Cf. the old proverb 'more cost than worship'; 1. 3. 10

COUNTENANCE, confidence of mien, hypocrisy, worldly credit. All these meanings are possible and 'wrapt up' suggests that Shake-

speare had more than one meaning in mind. Isabella, we suppose, points at Angelo, as she utters the word; 5. 1. 117

COVENT, old form of 'convent' (cf. Covent Garden); 4. 3. 128

CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM, i.e. A hood does not make a monk; 5. 1. 258

DEEP-VOW (Master), i.e. a lover; 4. 3. 12

DEFIANCE, Hart explains as 'renunciation, disownment' and quotes an exact parallel from Dekker. 'Isabella,' he adds, 'develops her previous words, and disowns her brother'; 3. 1. 142

DELIGHTED, capable of delight, affording delight, delightful. N.E.D. quotes 'too chilling a doctrine for our delightful dispositions' (Sutton, 1600); 3. 1. 120

DENUNCIATION, formal announcement (cf. Bp Hall, 1649, 'this publique and reiterated denunciation of Bannes before matrimony'); 1. 2. 144

DISTANT, blunder for 'instant'; 2. 1. 89

DIZY. Steevens interpreted as 'Dicey,' i.e. given to dice; but 'dizy' was a common form of 'dizzy' in 16th and 17th cent. and meant 'giddy, foolish'; 4. 3. 12

DOLOURS, with a quibble on 'dollars' (cf. *Temp.* 2. 1. 17–18); 1. 2. 50

DRAWN IN, taken in, cheated; 2. 1. 205

DRESSINGS, ceremonial attire (Hart interprets 'externals generally'); 5. 1. 56

DRIBBLING DART, 'an arrow falling feebly and thus unable to pierce a corselet' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 381); 1. 3. 2

DROP-HEIR, i.e. Master Spendthrift, the enemy of hospitality and good living ('lusty Pudding'). Hart interprets as 'usurer' but 'young' makes this very unlikely. 'Drop-heir' seems to mean an heir who is pining away gradually; 4. 3. 14

ENEW, lit. 'in-eau,' i.e. 'to drive the quarry into covert or water, where it was kept down, till again roused by the falconer with his spaniels' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 363 *n.*); 3. 1. 90

ENSHIELD, v. note; 2. 4. 80

ENTERTAIN, maintain; 3. 1. 74

ENTERTAINMENT, reception; 3. 2. 206

ESCAPES OF WIT, N.E.D. explains as 'sallies' but Shakespeare seems rather to mean the little falsehoods that a witty person allows himself in conversation (cf. 'rack thee in their fancies' and v. N.E.D. 'escape' sb.[1] 7); 4. 1. 62

ESSENCE (glassy), spirit, existence (for 'glassy,' cf. 2. 4. 125 and *John* 5. 7. 2–3 'his pure brain,/ Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house'); 2. 2. 121

EVENTS, 'to his events,' i.e. to the issue of his affair; 3. 2. 231

EVILS, v. note. Malone interprets 'privies'; 2. 2. 172

FACING, (*a*) trimming, (*b*) swaggering, brow-beating, v. *furred gown*; 3. 2. 10

FACT, crime; 4. 2. 135; 5. 1. 430

FALL, let fall (the sword of justice); 2. 1. 6

FAST MY WIFE, i.e. by 'hand fasting' or betrothal, which was considered valid without religious ceremony (cf. *pre-contract*). 'Angelo's condemnation of Claudio for alleged fornication was, and was intended by Shakespeare to be, absolutely tyrannical and illegal' (*Sh. Eng.* i. 407–8); 1. 2. 143

FAULT AND GLIMPSE OF NEWNESS, v. note and *glimpse*; 1. 2. 154

FAVOUR, (*a*) leave, (*b*) face, countenance; 4. 2. 32

FEAR, frighten; 2. 1. 2

FEDARY, accomplice, confederate; 2. 4. 122

FEELINGLY, to the purpose; 1. 2. 36. Lucio replies that he speaks 'with most painful feeling,' i.e. because his mouth is touched with the disease, and adds that he will be careful not to drink out of the same cup with him.

FILE, lit. 'a row of persons' (N.E.D. sb.[2] 8), used by Shakespeare for any collection of individuals. 'The greater file' = the majority (cf. 'the common file,' *Cor.* 1. 6. 43); 3. 2. 133

FINE, (i) bring to an end; 2. 2. 40, (ii) punish; 3. 1. 114. 'To fine the faults whose fine stands in record' is a quibble, meaning 'to put a stop to the crime, for which the penalty has already been adjudged.' Isabella had asked Angelo to kill Claudio's fault and spare Claudio. For (i) cf. *Lucr.* 936 'Time's office is to fine the hate of foes.'

FLAWS; 2. 3. 11. This has puzzled many; Warburton read 'flames' and Malone, Farmer, and Steevens approved. Clearly the sense of 'fire' is intended and the meanings of 'flaw' elsewhere in Shakespeare, i.e. a sudden gust of wind (*Ham.* 5. 1. 239) or a burst of feeling or passion (*Macb.* 3. 4. 63) are ill-suited with 'falling in' and 'blistered.' But 'flaws' could mean 'flakes' or 'sparks of fire' (v. N.E.D. 'flaw' sb.[1] 1) and this is just the sense required here. 'Flames,' though palaeographically possible, is too strong a word for the context and the Provost's tolerant spirit.

FOISON, plenty; 1. 4. 43

FOPPERY, folly; 1. 2. 129

FORCE, enforce; 3. 1. 109

FORFEITS IN A BARBER'S SHOP; 5. 1. 316. This has puzzled the commentators; but Hart has shown that the 'forfeits' were teeth which after extraction were hung up on a lute-string in the barber's shops of the day. The barber was of course dentist also. Cf. the 'most biting laws' (1. 3. 19)

FORTED, fortified; 5. 1. 12

'FOR THE LORD'S SAKE,' the cry of prisoners through the grate, beseeching passers-by to place alms or food in the basket which hung outside the window. The practice seems to have been associated especially with Ludgate jail; 4. 3. 18

FORTHRIGHT (Master), i.e. Master Straight-course. Cf. the description of a tilting-match in Sidney's *Arcadia* (Cambridge Classics, pp. 178–9); 4. 3. 15

FRENCH CROWN, (*a*) the 'écu,' a French gold coin, (*b*) the baldness produced by the 'French disease,' i.e. syphilis; 1. 2. 52

FRENCH VELVET, v. *pile*; 1. 2. 35

FURRED GOWN; 3. 2. 8. 'Allowed

by order of law,' perhaps a reference to the Act of 1571 legalising usury, v. *commodity*. 'Furred with fox on lamb-skins too,' cf. Nashe, *Pierce Pennilesse* (McKerrow, i. 162) 'an old stradling Vsurer, clad in a damaske cassocke, edged with Fox fur, a paire of trunke slops, sagging down like a Shoomakers wallet, and a shorte thrid-bare gown on his backe, fac't with moatheaten budge.' Nearly all contemporary descriptions of usurers refer to 'fox fur' and 'budge' (i.e. lamb-skin).

Giglots, lewd women; 5. 1. 343

Glimpse, flash, transient brightness (*Ham.* 1. 4. 53); 1. 2. 154

Good time (in), v. *time*; 3. 1. 178; 5. 1. 279

Grange, a lonely country-house (v. N.E.D. 2 *b*); 3. 1. 263

Gravel, stony. Cf. 'Deluyth out this grauel of obstinacye fro the herte, tunge and dede,' *Jacob's Well*, c. 1440 (quoted N.E.D.); 4. 3. 62

Guards, ornamental borders or trimmings; 3. 1. 96

Half-can. The reference is of course to drinking and the context suggests that a half-can was a larger vessel than a 'pot' which it had put out of fashion among topers; 4. 3. 16

Hannibal, blunder (common at the period) for 'cannibal' (cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 180); 2. 1. 170, 173

Hent, taken possession of; 4. 6. 14

Hollow, 'thy bones are hollow,' a supposed result of venereal disease. Steevens quotes *Timon*, 4. 3. 151–2 'Consumptions sow/ In hollow bones of man'; 1. 2. 56

Holy, dedicated; 5. 1. 379

Hooking; 2. 4. 176. 'Hookers' were a species of rogue who 'carry with them a staff of five or six foot long, in which, within one inch of the top thereof, is a little hole bored through, in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same they will pluck unto them quickly anything that they may reach therewith' through windows left open at night (Harman, *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, 1567). The context leaves little doubt that Shakespeare had 'hookers' in mind.

Hot-house, a bathing-house with hot baths. Hart quotes Jonson, *Epigram* vii. 'A purging bill now fixed upon the door,/Tells you it is a hot-house; so it may,/And still be a whore-house: they're synonyma'; 2. 1. 64

Ignomy, old form of 'ignominy.' Shakespeare appears to use 'ignomy' thrice, 'ignominy' once and 'ignominious' thrice; 2. 4. 111

Impartial, taking no part, indifferent; 5. 1. 164

Informal, foolish, crazy (cf. *Errors*, 5. 1. 105 'To make of him a formal man again'); 5. 1. 232

Just, i.e. just so; 3. 1. 67; 5. 1. 198

Kersey, stout coarse English cloth (cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 413 'honest kersey noes'); 1. 2. 34

LAPWING, peewit, plover (cf. *Errors*, 4. 2. 27 'Far from her nest the lapwing cries away'); 1. 4. 32

LEAVENED AND PREPARED CHOICE, 'a choice not hasty but considerate...suffered to work long in the mind' (Johnson); 1. 1. 51

LEIGER, resident ambassador; 3. 1. 58

LICENCE, liberty of action (not 'licentiousness,' cf. 2. 2. 128–9 'Great men may jest with saints,' etc.); 2. 4. 145

LIKENESS, seeming, hypocrisy; 3. 2. 265

LIST, selvage of cloth; 1. 2. 30

LISTS, limits, bounds; 1. 1. 6

LOSS OF QUESTION (in the), in the freedom of conversation, v. note; 2. 4. 90

LOWER CHAIR. 'Every house had formerly, among its furniture, what was called a *low chair*, designed for the ease of sick people, and, occasionally, occupied by lazy ones. Of these conveniencies I have seen many, though, perhaps, at present they are wholly disused' (Steevens). N.E.D. gives no support; 2. 1. 123

LUXURY, lasciviousness; 5. 1. 497

MAID, 'a woman with maid by him.' 'Maids' are the young of skate and other fish (v. N.E.D. 'maid' sb.[1] 7) and Pompey has just been speaking of 'groping for trouts'; 1. 2. 90

MEALED, spotted, stained, moled (v. note); 4. 2. 82

MEET, to keep an appointment (cf. *M.W.W.* 2. 3. 5); 4. 1. 18

MERE, 'upon his mere request,' i.e. with no other purpose in view but that he asked me; 5. 1. 150

MERELY, (i) as a matter of fact; 3. 1. 11, (ii) 'but merely'= nothing but; 5. 1. 450

METTLE, courage, disposition, the stuff of life, vital energy. Cf. *Timon*, 4. 3. 179 'Whose selfsame mettle,/Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,/ Engenders the black toad and adder blue'; 1. 1. 48; 2. 4. 48; 3. 2. 75. A quibble upon 'metal' is intended in all three instances; in the third the reference is to the metal of shackles. 'Metal' and 'mettle' were not differentiated in form at Shakespeare's period.

MO, more in number. Formerly 'more'='more in quantity' only; 1. 3. 48; 3. 1. 40; 5. 1. 196

MOTION, (i) 'this sensible warm motion,' i.e. the body, conceived as a puppet moved by 'the delighted spirit'; 3. 1. 119, (ii) 'a motion generative,' i.e. a puppet of the masculine gender; 3. 2. 108 (cf. *Two Gent.* 2. 1. 90 'O excellent motion...O exceeding puppet').

MUTTON ON FRIDAYS (EAT), 'mutton'=courtesan (cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 95 'laced mutton'); 3. 2. 174

MYRTLE, 'the soft myrtle'; 2. 2. 118. *Sh. Eng.* i. 510 quotes Lyte, *Niewe Herball* (1578) to the effect that 'certaine Herboristes...with greate heede and diligence...preserve it from the colde of winter: for it cannot endure the colde of the Countrie.'

MYSTERY, craft, trade, profession; 4. 2. 28

NEW MADE, (MAN), i.e. man regenerate. Malone interprets 'as

tender-hearted or merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation'; 2. 2. 79

NIPS YOUTH I'TH' HEAD. Hart quotes 'nipped in the head like a bird' from *Thomas of Reading*; 'enew' (q.v.) carries on the falcon metaphor; 3. 1. 90

OBSTRUCTION, 'cessation of the vital functions' (N.E.D.). Cf. *Twelfth Night*, 3. 4. 22 and 2 *H. IV*, 4. 1. 65 where it means stagnation of the blood'; 3. 1. 118

OPPOSITE, opponent; 3. 2. 159

OWE, own; 1. 4. 83; 2. 4. 123

PAIR OF SHEARS, 'there went but a pair of shears between us,' i.e. we are all of a piece; 1. 2. 28

PARCEL-BAWD, partly a bawd (and partly a tapster); 2. 1. 61

PASSES; 5. 1. 366. N.E.D. explains doubtfully as 'demeanour, course of action' (sb.[2] 2). We suggest 'tricks, devices,' cf. *Twelfth Night*, 3. 1. 48 'An thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee' and *Temp.* 4. 1. 244 'an excellent pass of pate': possibly connected with juggler's 'passes,' v. N.E.D. 'pass' sb.[2] 10

PAVED BED. Hart suggests that this refers to the method of burial in the prison; 5. 1. 431

PEACH, impeach, bring to trial; 4. 3. 11

PELTING, paltry; 2. 2. 113

PERDURABLY, everlastingly; 3. 1. 114

PETITION (that prays well for peace). The authorized form of grace concluded with 'God save our Queen and Realm, and send us peace in Christ' (*Sh. Eng.* i. 70); 1. 2. 16

PHILIP AND JACOB, the festival of SS. Philip and James, May 1st; 3. 2. 194

PILE, (*a*) the downy nap on velvet or other fabrics (cf. *three-pile*); (*b*) 'piled'=pilled or peeled, i.e. hairless, bald; 'piled for a French velvet' refers to the baldness consequent upon 'the French disease' (cf. *French crown*); 1. 2. 33, 34, 35

PLANCHED, made of boards or planks; 4. 1. 30

POWDERED, salted, pickled (v. *tub*); 3. 2. 58

PRACTICE, plot, conspiracy; 5. 1. 106, 122, 235

PRECISE, i.e. puritanical; 1. 3. 50. 'Precise villains' (2. 1. 53) may be intended as a sly hit (unconscious on Elbow's part) at the Puritans; cf. 'void of all profanation,' etc., l. 54

PRE-CONTRACT, formal betrothal, which in Shakespeare's day was held to constitute a legally valid marriage without religious ceremony (cf. *fast my wife*); 4. 1. 71

PRENZIE, v. note; 3. 1. 93, 96

PRESSING TO DEATH, the 'peine forte et dure.' Prisoners accused of felony who refused to plead could not be tried; but the refusal was followed by the 'peine forte et dure,' i.e. the accused was laid upon his back and heavy weights were piled upon his breast until he either consented to plead or died (v. *Sh. Eng.* i. 400); 5. 1. 518

PROCLAMATION, open declaration; 'give him a better proclamation'

=show him to be a better man than you have declared; 3. 2. 139

Prolixious, superfluous, tedious; 2. 4. 162

Prone. Malone explains as 'prompt, significant, expressive' and compares *Lucr.* 684 and *Cym.* 5. 4. 208, but v. note; 1. 2. 179

Propagation. N.E.D. explains as 'increase' but the parallels it quotes signify extension in time or space, which is not the same thing. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; v. note; 1. 2. 146

Proper, peculiar to, belonging distinctively to; 1. 1. 30; 1. 2. 125; 3. 1. 30; 5. 1. 109, 302, 404

Proportion, (i) metrical form; 1. 2. 23; (ii) portion, dowry; 5. 1. 215

Provincial, belonging to an ecclesiastical province; 5. 1. 311

Punk, harlot; 5. 1. 176, 518

Putting on, incitement, pressing-forward (cf. 5. 1. 454); 4. 2. 116

Pygmalion's images; 3. 2. 45. This looks like a topical reference and edd. have referred to Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, 1598, which was ordered to be burnt for indecency, but the date seems to make an allusion to this unlikely.

Quality, profession; 2. 1. 57

Question, discussion, debate (v. N.E.D.); 2. 4. 90

Quests, 'run with these false and most contrarious quests'—a hunting metaphor; a quest being the cry of the hound upon the scent (v. N.E.D. 'quest' sb.[1] 6 *b*). Neither *Sh. Eng.* nor N.E.D. seems to have noticed this passage; 4. 1. 61

Rack, distort, tear to pieces; 4. 1. 64

Rash (Master), i.e. Master Reckless. The 18th cent. edd. found a quibble here upon 'rash' a kind of silken stuff, but there seems no point in this; 4. 3. 4

Ravin down, gulp down; 1. 2. 125

Raze, erase, blot out; 1. 2. 11

Razure, obliteration; 5. 1. 13

Rebate, to make dull, blunt (v. N.E.D. 'rebate' vb.[1] 4); 1. 4. 60

Refelled, repelled, refused to admit my plea (v. N.E.D. 'refel' 2, 3); 5. 1. 93

Relish, (*a*) have a taste for, (*b*) sing (cf. *Two Gent.* 2. 1. 19); 1. 2. 15

Remonstrance, usually explained as 'demonstration, manifestation.' Possibly the 're-' had its original force of 'anew' in Shakespeare's mind, while 'hidden power' suggests that he was thinking also of 'monstrance' in the religious sense. The word does not occur elsewhere in the canon; 5. 1. 388

Resolve, set the mind at rest; 3. 1. 188; 4. 2. 205

Respected, blunder for 'suspected'; 2. 1. 157

Restrained, forbidden, prohibited (v. N.E.D. 'restrain' 5); 2. 4. 48

Retort; 5. 1. 295. N.E.D. explains as 'reject,' but the Duke had not rejected the appeal. The meaning clearly is the etymological one, i.e. 'to twist or turn back' (from himself to Angelo).

Rheum, catarrh; 3. 1. 31

SALT, salacious, lecherous; 5. 1. 397

SAUCY, wanton, lascivious; 2. 4. 45

SCALED, weighed in the balances, tested; 3. 1. 253

SCIATICA, a symptom of venereal disease (cf. *Troil.* 5. 1. 25; *Tim.* 4. 1. 23); 1. 2. 59

SCOPE, (i) room to move in; 1. 1. 64; 3. 1. 69; (ii) licence; 1. 2. 123; (iii) liberty; 1. 3. 35; 5. 1. 230

SCRUPLE, an apothecary's weight (20 grains), a minute portion; 1. 1. 37

SEALED (in approbation), stamped with the official seal guaranteeing authenticity, hall-marked (as we should now say); 5. 1. 241

SEASON, 'of season'=in season (cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 3. 152); 2. 2. 86; 'corrupt with virtuous season,' i.e. with the effect of the sun which brings the flower to virtuous season or maturity; 2. 2. 168

SECTS, classes, ranks; 2. 2. 5

SECURITY, i.e. legal security, such as signing a bond for a friend (cf. *Prov.* xi. 15 'He that hateth suretiship is sure'); 3. 2. 220

SEEDNESS, the sowing of seed; 1. 4. 42

SEEMING, hypocrisy; 2. 4. 15, 150

SERE, dry, dull (cf. *Ham.* 2. 2. 338), v. note; 2. 4. 9

SERPIGO, 'a general term for creeping or spreading skin disease' (N.E.D.); 3. 1. 31

SHEEP-BITING, shifty, sneaking; 5. 1. 350

SHOE-TIE (Master). Hart quotes Nashe, *Unfortunate Traveller* (McKerrow, ii. 300–1), 'From Spaine what bringeth our Traueller?...I haue not yet tacht all, for he hath in either shoo as much taffatie for his tyings as wold serue for an ancient; which serueth him (if you wil haue the mysterie of it) of the owne accord for a shoo-rag'; 4. 3. 16

SHORE, limit; 3. 2. 243

SHY, reserved; 3. 2. 127; 5. 1. 54

SICLES, old form of 'shekels,' v. note; 2. 2. 150

SIEGE, seat; 4. 2. 97

SNATCHES, quibbles, captious comments; 4. 2. 6

SPLAY, geld, castrate; 2. 1. 226

SPLEENS. The spleen was regarded as the seat of laughter as well as of anger (cf. *Shrew*, Ind. 137 'the over-merry spleen'); 2. 2. 123

STAND, lit. 'a sheltered position or covert for shooting at game' (cf. 'have such vantage on the duke' and *M.W.W.* 5. 5. 226); 4. 6. 10

STARELY, stiffly, rigidly (v. N.E.D. 2); 4. 2. 66

STEAD UP, take another person's place in; 3. 1. 249

STEW. 'I fear that, in the present instance, our author's metaphor is from the kitchen' (Steevens); but 'our author' is also glancing at 'stew'=brothel, which makes all the difference; 5. 1. 314

STEWED PRUNES, a common term for prostitutes from the 'stews.' 'It appears...that stewed prunes were commonly placed in the windows of a house of disreputable character' (Halliwell); 2. 1. 87

STORY, dupe, laughing-stock (v. N.E.D. 'story' 5 *e*). Lucio quibblingly retorts that his 'story' is a true one; 1. 4. 30

STRICTURE, strictness, severity of life. N.E.D. quotes Jer. Taylor (1649), 'Christ came to knit the bonds of government faster by the stricture of more religious tyes'; 1. 3. 12

STROKE AND LINE, usually explained simply as 'the stroke of a pen'; but Shakespeare is quibbling as usual, since 'stroke' = the blow of the executioner's axe and 'line' the hangman's cord: Angelo's life was 'paralleled' with these by its strict severity. Possibly 'paralleled'... 'stroke and line' refers primarily to musical score, where Shakespeare's eyes would most commonly encounter parallel lines and strokes; if so the idea of 'harmony' would be present to his mind; 4. 2. 79

SUFFICIENCY, qualifications, competency. Cf. *Oth.* 1. 3. 224 'We have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency'; 1. 1. 8

SUPPOSED, blunder for 'deposed'; 2. 1. 150

SWEAT, 'a febrile disease characterized by profuse sweating, of which highly and rapidly fatal epidemics occurred in England in the 15th and 16th centuries,' N.E.D. 'sweating-sickness' (cf. *Sh. Eng.* i. 435 and *n.*); 1. 2. 81

SWINGED, thrashed; 5. 1. 129

TAX, (i) task, made demands upon; 2. 4. 79; (ii) accuse; 5. 1. 305

TEMPORARY, temporal. N.E.D. quotes Howe (1668), 'In our temporary state, while we are under the measure of time'; 5. 1. 143

THREE-PILE, the most expensive kind of velvet, cut in three heights' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 102), v. *pile*; 1. 2. 33; 4. 3. 9

THRILLING, piercing (with cold); 3. 1. 122

TICKLE, insecure, ticklish; 1. 2. 168

TICK-TACK, a kind of backgammon, 'played on a board having holes along the edge, in which pegs were placed for scoring'—whence Lucio's indelicate allusion; 1. 2. 186

TIE THE BEARD. Hart quotes Dekker's *Honest Whore*, 'My vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I should shave off this Honor of an old man, or tye it up shorter.' But v. note; 4. 2. 173

TILTH, (i) tillage; 1. 4. 44; (ii) fallow field (so used in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1613); 4. 1. 75

TIME (in good), an interjection with various shades of meaning: (i) 'well and good'; 3. 1. 178; (ii) 'just at the right moment'; 5. 1. 279

TOUSE, tear; 5. 1. 306

TRICK, (i) act of passion; 3. 1. 113; (ii) particular habit, custom; 3. 2. 51; 5. 1. 501

TROT, a contemptuous epithet for an old woman. There is apparently no parallel known to its use here for a man; 3. 2. 49

TUB. Cf. 'the powdering-tub of infamy,' *Hen. V*, 2. 1. 79. The reference is to the treatment of venereal disease 'by a course of suffumigation with cinnabar in a meat-pickling vat...popular in England at the time' (*Sh. Eng.* i. 438–9); 3. 2. 56

TUN-DISH, funnel; 3. 2. 165

TUNE, humour, mood; 3. 2. 48

UNFOLDING STAR, i.e. the morning star; 4. 2. 199. Steevens quotes Milton's *Comus*, 93–4:

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold.

UNPITIED, pitiless; 4. 2. 12

UNSHUNNED, i.e. unshunnable, inevitable; 3. 2. 59

UNSISTING, v. note; 4. 2. 88

UNSKILFULLY, without discernment; 3. 2. 142

UNTRUSSING, untying the points, (as we should say) unbuttoning; 3. 2. 172

UNWEIGHING, thoughtless; 3. 2. 135

VAIL, lower; 5. 1. 20

VAIN (for), a quibble upon 'vane.' Cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 1. 96 'What plume of feathers is he...What vane? what weathercock'; 2. 4. 12

VASTIDITY, immensity; 3. 1. 68

VULGARLY, publicly; 5. 1. 18

WARD, (i) 4. 3. 61; generally explained as 'cell'; but Barnardine had 'the liberty of the prison' (4. 2. 147) and was not likely, therefore, to be kept in solitary confinement. Moreover 'ward,' in modern parlance, always means a room with many sleepers in it and has perhaps come down from the day when there was little distinction between prison and hospital. Further there appears to be a clear distinction made between a ward and a cell in *Ham.* 2. 2. 252 'in which [prison] there are many confines, wards and dungeons,' where 'confine' seems to mean 'cell.' (ii) 5. 1. 10; bolts, locks, cf. *Son.* 48

WARP, (i) 1. 1. 14; deviate. (ii) 3. 1. 141; 'warped'=crooked.

WEAR, fashion; 3. 2. 74

WIDOW, to settle an estate upon a widow; cf. *Shrew*, 2. 1. 125 'I'll assure her of her widowhood'; 5. 1. 420

WILDERNESS, wildness; cf. *Par. Lost*, ix. 244 'These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands/Will keep from wilderness'; 3. 1. 141

WOODMAN, woman-hunter (connected perhaps with the favourite Elizabethan pun on 'deer' and 'dear'; cf. *M.W.W.* 5. 5. 27); 4. 3. 161

WORTH, (i) 1. 1. 8; standing, authority; cf. *Two Gent.* 'an office of great worth' (1. 2. 45), 'I know the gentleman/To be of worth, and worthy estimation' (2. 4. 53–4). (ii) 5. 1. 493 'her worth, worth yours'=her personal qualities are worthy of your standing.

YARE, brisk; 4. 2. 57

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